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Events of the Week

THE Brussels Conference between M. Poincaré and M. Theunis, and the discussion about it in the Paris Press, show very clearly that with every step which it takes the French Government gets deeper and deeper into the mire. There is no doubt that there was grave disagreement both between the French and Belgians and among the French themselves with regard to the very important points which M. Poincaré had to discuss with the Belgian Premier. The French ultra-extremists, among whom M. Poincaré himself is not numbered, are pressing for an extension of the occupation, for more ruthless measures, and for more troops. They are bitterly opposed to any suggestion that France and Belgium shall state their "terms of peace" to Germany before Germany has surrendered. They want M. Poincaré to declare that the Ruhr will not, under any circumstances, now be evacuated until the Rhineland itself is evacuated, i.e., until Germany has fulfilled all her obligations under the Versailles Treaty. The Belgians, who are becoming more and more perturbed by what is happening, do not wish to be dragged further into the mire, but want, if possible, to struggle out of it. They want both to limit the operations and to decide upon terms that may be offered to Germany, for they see that this is the only alternative to increasing their own commitments and to an inevitable catastrophe.

THESE are the questions which the two Premiers had to discuss at Brussels. Great secrecy was maintained with regard to the results. But it is clear that M. Poincaré has not yielded to his extremists and has compromised with M. Theunis. No peace terms, in any strict sense of the words, were decided upon, but two important points were conceded: France will evacuate the Ruhr in stages as Germany pays, and France and Belgium will consider a German offer even before "the Ruhr is a going concern." That this is an important concession on the part of M. Poincaré is shown by the fact that, on the eve of the Conference, the Paris papers were almost unanimously declaring that no German offer should be under any circumstances considered until Germany had given proof of her complete capitulation

by carrying out the French demands and orders in the Ruhr. This Conference is the beginning of a struggle between the extremists who would push on to Berlin and break up Germany at any cost, and those who are beginning to desire to cut the losses of this Ruhr adventure. In Germany, too, the same kind of struggle is going on between the Nationalists, who are working eagerly for converting passive into armed resistance, and those who see in the early opening of negotiations the only hope of averting this bloody catastrophe.

THE murder of a French officer and a French engineer at Buer in the Ruhr marks another stage on M. Poincaré's road to disaster. We have necessarily only the French account of this "incident," but even that is sufficient to show that the French troops have nothing to learn from the Germans in Belgium or the Black-and-Tans in Ireland. The two Frenchmen were found lying dead on the public road; they had been shot. Two Germans were arrested. According to the "Temps" they were the murderers, but this theory is now abandoned, and one of the men shot is described as a "detective." However, in such cases, someone must suffer, and presumably one German is as good as another. In such cases, as is now well known, the prisoners, finding themselves unarmed in the hands of an armed force, attempt to escape; the armed men shoot the unarmed men and everything is "in order." The two Germans followed the rules of the game and "tried to escape"; the French soldiers opened fire on them and killed them. But apparently already the death of one Frenchman requires more than the blood of one German. A "hostile crowd" of Germans had collected outside the police-station from which the two Germans had been so rashly attempting to escape. "In self-defence" the French soldiers opened fire upon this crowd and succeeded in killing five more Germans.

M. MAGINOT, Minister of War, immediately announced that pitiless reprisals would be taken for the deaths of the two Frenchmen. The rate of seven Germans for the two Frenchmen is high even in the annals of barbarism, which is now disguised under this name "reprisals." Thus the "Temps" is now reduced to defending what the French are doing by writing a long leading article to prove that the Germans would do much worse. There can, of course, be only one end to this French policy. French troops have been treating the Ruhr population with the greatest harshness and brutality. There have been several incidents lately, e.g., at Essen and Lötrichhausen, in which French soldiers have fired on and killed German civilians. This is neither war nor law, but mere murder. Violence of this kind is bound, sooner or later, to call forth violence from the people subjected to it, which will either take the form of sporadic killings or organized resistance. "Pitiless reprisals," as we well know ourselves, will not cure, but aggravate, the evil. If the French persist in remaining in the Ruhr and attempting to force their will on the German people by brutality and violence, the end must be the anarchy of guerrilla warfare.

THE rounding up of a block of Irish Republicans in this country, and their deportation to Ireland for internment by the Free State Government, is open to obvious

criticism. Its defence can only be that the anarchy in Ireland has gone beyond the power of strict law to deal with it. Ireland is being ruined by a mixed plan of sabotage and the murder of public men. The Free State Government, sorely beset, appeal to a friendly British Government to stop the maturing of this plan on British soil. Unable to answer this request in a formal legal way (*i.e.*, by bringing the suspects on whom both Governments have their eye to trial), the British Ministry responds to it by using the police to break up the conspiracy, and placing the probable conspirators in the hands of the Free State, with stipulations, we hope, as to merciful treatment. Of course, that is a grave precedent. It uses the deportation order for purposes quite other than those for which it was framed; chances wrong arrests, and supersedes legal by executive action, where legality is a strong bulwark of liberty. This is the kind of poser that the moral outlawry of the Irish Republicans has set us.

* * *

THE Council of Ambassadors has at last given its long-expected decision on the eastern frontiers of Poland. In the main, the line drawn by the Treaty of Riga between Russia and Poland in March, 1921, is followed, while in the north the boundary adopted is that marked out by the Council of the League of Nations through the neutral zone between Poland and Lithuania. The Ambassadors' ruling, which means that Poland gets both the Vilna region and Eastern Galicia, will not be accepted without violent agitation, and probably open resistance. The Lithuanians are at the present moment without a Government, and the recent award to them of the Memel area may do something to console them for the loss of Vilna, but it is doubtful whether the battle for the city is over. Lithuanians must be reflecting ruefully on their folly in rejecting the Hymans solution approved by the League of Nations in 1921. As to Eastern Galicia, a gross injustice will have been done to the five million inhabitants of that clearly defined area if they have been merely handed over to Poland without safeguards for their autonomy. The minority treaties in no way meet such a situation, and were never meant to meet it. Autonomy, safeguarded by the League of Nations, under Polish sovereignty is clearly the right solution.

* * *

REPARATIONS have now become the major curse of Europe. What they have led to in the case of Germany is a matter of daily and tragic demonstration. Austria has virtually got rid of her burden by irresistible appeals *ad misericordiam*. Turkey casts the load from her shoulders by vigorous bluff. Hungary, standing on the verge of a White outbreak, will probably be precipitated finally into it if the Reparation Commission presses its exactions home. And last of all there is Bulgaria. Here some realization of the impossibilities of the position has dawned on the Allied authorities, who have this week agreed to reduce the total from £90,000,000 to £22,000,000, present value. The amount is to be paid off in sixty annual instalments, though the Bulgarian Government will no doubt be at liberty at any moment to liquidate the outstanding balance if it can raise a loan for the purpose. Whether this reduced total is within the country's capacity, as the original figure most certainly was not, is matter for opinion. On the whole, it represents a not unreasonable compromise.

* * *

THE Norfolk Board of Guardians have taken a dramatic way of bringing the deplorable plight of the agricultural workers before the nation. They have asked

the Ministry of Health to allow them to imitate the historical example of the Berkshire magistrates in 1795. In that year the Berkshire magistrates, meeting at Speenhamland, adopted a resolution in favor of supplementing agricultural wages out of the rates. They fixed a subsistence wage, and proposed that the actual wage paid to a laborer should be supplemented from the rates and brought up to that figure. We know the sequel. The practice spread over the South of England and the Midlands, and by 1839 the normal agricultural laborer in those parts of England was a pauper. Wages had been kept down or pushed down, and pauperism had adopted the most degrading forms. The Norfolk Guardians consider that the problem before them—the problem, that is, of administering poor relief—is insoluble except on the lines of this disastrous precedent.

* * *

THIS would, of course, be a fatal policy. But some policy has to be found. It is now proposed to pay the Norfolk laborers 24s. 11d. for a week of 54 hours, or 5½d. an hour. When the Norfolk Guardians say that a man cannot keep a family on this wage they say what is obviously true. If agriculture as at present organized and conducted cannot pay its workers a living wage, then revolutionary changes are necessary. We think that reformers will have to consider a totally different system, under which agricultural prices will be stabilized and profits will be regulated. The plan of subsidies adopted during the war was obviously on wrong and perverse lines. It was ridiculous to pay men a guaranteed price per acre without regard to the quality of their farming. It is possible that agriculture will have to be guaranteed, but such a guarantee must be arranged on very different principles. If farmers are guaranteed against loss in bad years, the State on its side must benefit by the good years. In other words, the State may have to decide to pay men for cultivating the soil in some form or other (perhaps by fixed prices) on the basis of reasonable costs, and to abolish the present system of speculative farming. Then, by means of co-operation, railway facilities, good agricultural education, and the encouragement of guilds and groups of small-holders, agriculture may become a self-supporting industry. That it is not, when it pays such wages as to provoke this demand from the Norfolk Guardians.

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THE Navy, Army, and Air Service estimates have been discussed, as usual, as though each arm of national defence were not only independent, but ignorant of the purpose of the others. The Navy estimates, 58 million pounds, show a net reduction of nearly 7 millions when compared with 1922. The net estimates show, moreover, a saving of over 25 millions, or 30 per cent., in the past two years. There is in these figures sufficient to show our neighbors that we are willing to listen to good sense on the problem of disarmament, though they do not compare with the years when we were only preparing for the war to end war. We think more light should be thrown on the new Navy works to be established at Singapore, which are to cost 11 millions. As Mr. Amery has declared the work was not prompted by thinking unhappily of Japan, it may be that we are nervous of the Kingdom of Siam. There is a reduction of £10,300,000 in the Army estimates. These could undoubtedly be cut far more drastically. The officials who are now re-dressing the army in idiotic busbies and scarlet are not the men to be trusted with figures or facts of any kind. The cost of the Air Service has increased by over a million. The miserable cause of that is that our ally across the Channel, as was explained

in the House, has 1,260 first-line aeroplanes to our 371; and two-thirds of the British force are over seas, while three-quarters of the French machines are at home.

* * *

"IN more than one point" (writes an Irish correspondent) "the circumstances of the Great War are reproduced in miniature in Ireland. It has its never-endians, like Mr. Kevin O'Higgins or Miss MacSwiney, on the one side, and defeatists, like the Archbishop of Cashel and Liam Deasy, on the other. The Irish Minister for Home Affairs looks forward to the dubious finality of a Versailles Treaty, Dr. Harty to the equivalent of what may be called a Pope's peace. The Archbishop, in company with others, this week put forward terms for acceptance by the Irregulars involving a cessation of hostilities, the acceptance of the decision of a General Election, and the interim custody of their arms by some of their own leaders. Thomas Barry, a prominent Cork leader, undertook to submit, and it may be assumed to support, these terms at a meeting of his colleagues, but before the situation had further developed Mr. O'Higgins, on behalf of the Government, specifically rejected them. The third term is obviously the stumbling-block. The Government stands absolutely on the surrender of arms. 'Mr. de Valera and his friends,' it says, 'will have guns enough at their disposal if they can prevail on the people to accept and endorse their policy. That is the horse-sense of the matter. This Government will not be either threatened or cajoled into departing from it. This is not going to be a draw, with a replay in the autumn.' Mr. O'Higgins's step seems a little precipitate, for the proposals in no way committed the Government.

* * *

"REUTER has announced that Monsignor Luzio, formerly a Professor of Canon Law in Maynooth, has left Rome for Ireland with a mission from the Holy See to ascertain the position of affairs, and to endeavor, in conjunction with the Irish Bishops, to develop an atmosphere of peace. The report will no doubt be confirmed, but it may be assumed that the step has been taken without consultation with the Irish Bishops. On Wednesday, Cardinal Logue had no knowledge of Monsignor Luzio's arrival, and could not confirm Reuter's statement."

* * *

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's rather prickly olive branch has been tendered this week with some persistence, even with a touch of asperity. Mr. George's first gesture was to offer himself without money and without price, his party thrown in, and his past thrown open to free criticism. His second was more reserved. He and his friends were not "suppliants" for admission to any door, and if they entered the habitation of the 'Wee Frees they would demand a joint right of controlling their policy. To suggest less than this was neither "friendly" nor "civil." As for Labor, the enemy was not the party as a whole, but only the "revolutionary elements" in it. Are these really the advances of a man who means to commit himself to any party, Liberal or other? The language is that of the opportunism which has become the ingrained habit of Mr. George's mind. Suppose, for example, the Tory Government breaks down and the Coalitionist idea revives? Who so prompt as he to the call of duty in that familiar sphere?

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE has had for a considerable number of years a Jewish house which, in the opinion of the Headmaster of the school, has been most efficiently conducted; but steps have now been taken by the Council of the College to terminate its existence. The Headmaster suggests the grounds of that decision by the remark that "our character as a school . . . is based on some conformity, within wide limits, to the principles and beliefs of Christianity." Jewish boys now at the school are to be permitted to finish their educational career there; but, it appears, conformity to Christian doctrine will be a test of subsequent admission. That decision is, of course, within the power of the Council to make; but it seems clear that it indicates the growth of that reactionary and mean-spirited anti-Semitism which is one of the worst legacies of the late war. Are Catholics to be excluded from the College? They conform "within wide limits" to "the principles and beliefs" of Christianity; but they cannot take part in the religious life of the College. Are all British subjects who belong to non-white races (the sons of Indian princes, for example) to be excluded also? Does Cheltenham desire, like Downside and Stonyhurst, to become the Academy of a particular sect? No school can be a public school in the modern sense if religious tests are part of its life. Will the Council conduct inquiries into the reality of parental beliefs? Or is baptism the simple proof of effective Christianity? Will the son of an avowed Atheist be admitted if, to that end, his father has him baptized without any sense save contempt for the ceremony?

* * *

WE should have voted for the second reading of Lady Astor's Bill for shutting the door of public-houses on boys under eighteen, but we are not convinced that this is the direction in which the reform of the public-house should proceed. Those who hold that beer drinking is a sin, will, of course, shut everybody out of public-houses they can, and finish by shutting the houses altogether. These are the tactics of prohibition. We prefer the alternative of making the public-house a place in which it is no more shame or harm for anyone to be seen than an hotel. That is the normal state of things in most European countries; we ought not to abandon the hope of establishing it here. The drinking-bar and saloon are, of course, the enemies of this conception of the public-house, and the bar and the saloon ought to be modified as quickly as possible out of existence. But the restaurant is a necessity of town-life, as the decent kind of public-house is of village-life, and the licensing authority can encourage it in a hundred ways, just as it can discourage the drinking-bar. Doubtless, young boys are better without alcohol. But they are not hurt by seeing other people drinking it.

* * *

WE agree with the protest of the Welsh members that before the Ceiriog Valley is flooded and changed into a lake to supply Warrington with water the general question of the country's water supply ought to be investigated and its partition settled on national lines. There does not seem to be any great hurry in the case of Warrington. Liverpool can spare her a considerable surplus of her own water, and for some years at least her need is not urgent. In that interval we can learn what Wales is ready to give and how we can take it over with the least possible injury to natural beauty and the life of her agreeable countryside. But we hope that the existing Bill will be turned down.

— Politics and Affairs.

WHY PERISH ?

THE nation has just been reminded, in a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Johnston, the Labor Member, of the losses sustained by the United Kingdom (excluding the Dominions) in the war. The damage is, as all the world knows, of many categories. 946,023 young men perished, about one in every nine who enlisted; 2,121,906 were wounded. £9,590,000,000 were raised by borrowing and taxation, and a trifle of over £2,000 millions of capital and unfunded interest remain as irrecoverable loans to our Allies and Dominions. Eight millions of shipping tonnage were sunk at sea. The Exchequer has incurred a capital liability in the shape of war-pensions of £832 millions. It has disbursed £153 millions on mandated territories, *i.e.*, on ex-German or ex-Turkish colonies. Another thousand millions have gone for various civil commitments arising out of the war. In return it has received from Germany some £12½ millions worth of shipping, and some unstated amounts of probably worthless bonds. So stands the debit and credit account of the war, reckoned in pounds, shillings, and pence. As for the moral values, apart from the knowledge, already well tested and approved, of the physical valor and steadfastness of our race, there is no credit side at all. Death has carried down its dark stream not the detritus of age and satiety, but the promise of a new generation. Some of these youths perished after long agony, others by the mercy of a sudden stroke. Most of them—few had ever given a vote or knew anything of the causes of the war—lived long enough to be completely disillusioned by it (some were at the time romantically uplifted and even ennobled); others its filth has stained for life, morally and physically. But those who survive all know by this time that every word in which Christian Priest and Sceptical Statesman commended it as a rally for Right against Might was a lie, and that the only difference between it and other wars is that it was bigger and more dangerous. "War," says Mr. Lowes Dickinson,* "remains what it always has been, murder for the sake of loot; only now, murder on a scale and with a precision that threatens the very existence of the murderers."

Happily for the threatened reason and life of humanity, a good deal of light has been thrown on the last of its great wars. Two things we know which we could not know in 1914. The first is that this country has lost every one of the objects which were put before it in the early months of 1914 up to 1918, when, as Sir Walter Runciman well said the other day, one kind of war came to an end, and another, still bloodier and wicked, took its place. There was, said our statesmen and other spokesmen of the Entente, to be no more domination of Europe by military force, exercised by a single Power, and instead of her being held in unstable equilibrium by a Balance of armed nations, she was to be joined in a holy bond of equity, of which all Powers, small and great, were to be the links. The second revelation is that this thing has not only not happened, but that most of the men who imagined it never meant that it should. The war had not run a quarter of its course when, by general consent of the statesmen of the Entente, the system of partition by loot began, the most avaricious of the looters, our ally in the sacred cause of Right, being out of all comparison the worst Empire

that the world has ever seen.* And within a few months of its conclusion, the spectre of absolute military Power has risen again, and Force, the old blood-stained idol of Europe, has been dragged out of its Temple by the nation that, with the rest, had offered a pompous homage of words to the idea of Public Right.

And so, in spite of all the disillusion and loss, the thing has begun again. Why? For no other reason than that the causes of war remain. "So long," as Mr. Dickinson says in the work from which we have quoted, "as power-policies are the motive of all States, Right and Wrong in international affairs has no meaning." Under the rule of the Sovereign State, the determination of the serious issues that arise between States rests not with a neutral tribunal, or with any force that deserves the name of an equitable one, but with each disputant. Each in turn assumes the right to be judge in his own cause, declaring, like God, where the Right lies, and propounding the Law (*i.e.*, marshalling the Force) that shall be applied to its solution. It is this assumption which makes French statesmanship the moral offence that it is to-day. For either the practice of mediation, or the automatic reference of such a dispute as Reparations to a world-tribunal, is going to save Man from destruction; or the insistence on war in face of the irrefutable proof of its failure, and the consequent denial of an international right to intervene, is going to finish off his career as a civilized being, at least on the Continent of his early, and, as it seemed, his happy, choice.

Thus, it is literally true to say that this is the European man's remaining chance. The last of the limited wars has been fought. Mr. Dickinson truly says that as we go on our daily round of work and amusement, there proceeds in hundreds of laboratories the secret toil of the men of "science," acquiring the power to finish us all. These people will not, cannot, stop. Primarily, they are observers of things, not teachers of men. They lack the moral power, and if they possessed it, its force is insufficient to cancel out the inveterate, we almost said the fatal, habit of "patriotism." Thus, if the last great war marred Humanity out of recognition by the best and wisest of her sons, the next looks like crippling or even ending her. A slight development of gassing or bombing or infecting power, and Paris can lay London in ashes, or London Paris; quite probably and conceivably Berlin may be a desert before the year is out; while the architects of this ruin remain the idols of their fellow-countrymen within a few hours of their being torn to pieces as the assassins of civilization.

To that end the nations are marching—with the eyes of their citizens fixed on everything save this doom of Gomorrah over their heads. When the Day of Judgment comes it will be small consolation to avenge ourselves on the priests and scribes who laid the world on the sacrificial altar. Yet surely it would be more economical to deal with them now. The European Nations will not, it appears, give up war. For the material gain which it seems to bring is the cause of new wars, in which it is lost. For this reason the Franco-German war threatens to be eternal. And though their religion forbids war, they

* See especially the translation of M. Maurice Paléologue's *Memoirs* (Hutchinson). M. Paléologue was French Ambassador at Petrograd at the outbreak of war. His memoirs give no sign of any other purpose than that of urging Russia on to war, and keeping her at it. But they give a cynical Frenchman's appreciation of the mixture of superstition, barbarism, treachery, confusion, vice, and fear which was the Russia of the Tsars: the Power to whom Lord Grey drew us in bonds only less stringent than those which he forged with the French. M. Paléologue describes the hysterical Ambassadors, the half-crazy Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, the generals shouting "We'll destroy these filthy Prussians," and "William to St. Helena!" and depicts the obscene wretch Rasputin, master of the Russian Court, mocking in a drunken orgy the half-imbecile Tsar and the infatuated Tsaritsa, who when these indecencies were reported to them attributed them not to Rasputin but to the Devil.

* "War: its Nature, Cause, and Cure." By Lowes Dickinson. (George Allen & Unwin.)

do not understand their religion and it is rarely taught them. But will they not strike a blow for their physical salvation before it is too late, and their chemists and their kings, their patriots and their profiteers, their generals and their bishops, their myopic statesmen and their blind soothsayers of the Press, have indeed destroyed them?

AVENUES TO PEACE.

THERE has been a sudden change for the worse in the Ruhr, and there may be imminent danger of a vast catastrophe. The French, having murdered a considerable number of unarmed civilians, threaten "pitiless reprisals," because two armed Frenchmen have been shot. It is impossible, in our opinion, to extenuate murder, whether committed by Black-and-Tans, Frenchmen, or Germans. But the French have marched into German territory in time of peace; they whip unoffending people in the public streets; they deliberately make life intolerable to a large population; finally, they have shot, *i.e.*, they have murdered, a considerable number of Germans. Why, under these circumstances, they should think that no German will ever retaliate by shooting Frenchmen, or that the world will not hold that the provocation and the balance of crime are heavily on the side of France, we cannot understand. As things are, if the French proceed with their "pitiless reprisals," we shall soon have war and bloodshed on a vast scale in Germany, and then France would undoubtedly be committed to the extremists' policy of "à Berlin" and the complete dismemberment of Germany. What the possible results of that would be to Europe is shown by Mr. Ransome's account of the effect which the invasion of the Ruhr is already having upon Russian policy. The Russian Government wants peace, but there is already "the smell of powder" in Moscow; the Soviet Government feels that the vital interests of Russia will be jeopardized if France completes the destruction of Germany. The shadow of a war in which Germany and Russia once again withstand the imperialism of France draws nearer.

One turns from this black shadow to look for some alternative to the catastrophe which French statesmen seem to be bent on consummating. During the war belligerent Prime Ministers used at intervals to assure their war-weary peoples that they were "exploring every avenue to peace." As time went by the words acquired a sinister and mocking sound, for the bellicose statesmen went down many avenues and always found at the end of them at least another year of war. Looking across to the Ruhr and Rhineland to-day, one feels oneself again in the same helpless and hopeless situation. War, victory, and M. Poincaré have reduced things to so desperate a pass that one must explore "every avenue to peace," however faint be the hope that one will find anything but a French machine-gun at the end of it. It seems to be in this frame of mind that many people are turning to a proposal for "demilitarizing the Rhineland" as an avenue by which it might at least be possible to get the French armies out of the Ruhr. The proposal is from some points of view an attractive one, but it also contains obvious and latent dangers, and, therefore, if it is to be explored, it should be explored with both eyes wide open.

The strongest argument in its favor may, perhaps, be put in the following way. M. Poincaré has obtained from the French people a remarkably solid support for the policy of violence against Germany. Even though

it daily becomes more clear that economically and financially this policy must be suicidal for France herself, and that M. Poincaré's "economic pledges" will only be another name for French bankruptcy, there is no evidence of any serious opposition to the Government either in the Chamber or in the country. The motives which impel the Government and those who control it to follow this road to ruin are various. Some want security in the Rhine frontier; some want coal and coke and a controlling share in German companies; all of them are now the slaves of their own delusions and their policy of violence. The real objects of those in power, however, are not the objects for which the French people support their Government. Ever since the war the Government and Press have exploited the two most universal of human passions, cupidity and fear, in order to win support for their own schemes from the French peasants and bourgeoisie. The "bloc national" and the solid support behind M. Poincaré are the result. The political psychology of the French people is, therefore, simple. They want the milliards of German gold marks which they have been promised, and they have been scared by the bogey of a German war of revenge to demand "security."

Part of this psychology we in this country can understand. We, too, allowed ourselves for a time to follow a clever politician dangling before our eyes these will-o'-the-wisp milliards. Here the process of disillusionment was comparatively rapid, and it is now accepted without argument that Germany cannot pay. It would have taken longer for the fact to be generally accepted in France, but there is little doubt that it would have been accepted if motives of cupidity were the only ones exploitable by the Government propagandists. But militarist and nationalist propaganda of M. Poincaré's school had another string to its bow—"security." There is no doubt that that abstraction, "France," an abstraction which is made up mainly of an infinite number of confused catch-words in the heads of shopkeepers and peasants, is afraid, really afraid, of Germany. "France," these peasants and shopkeepers, want security from Ludendorff and a German invasion and the next war and all the old bogeys and real memories of German militarism with which politicians like M. Poincaré and M. André Lefèvre have so persistently terrified the French people during the last four years. It is this blind and panic-stricken desire for security which is inducing the French people to follow M. Poincaré into the Ruhr, like a flock of sheep plunging over a precipice in order to avoid the far-off barking of a chained dog.

It is here that the proposal to demilitarize the Rhineland comes in. If the mass of French people could be given that "security" in their search after which they appear to be willing to allow their Government to destroy Germany, France, and the rest of Europe, then there is some hope that they might withdraw their support from the ruinous policy of M. Poincaré and of the militarists, annexationists, and industrialists who stand in the background and pull the strings. What France fears is ultimately an invasion by Germany, and it is this fear which has produced the demand for the "natural" or "strategic" frontier of the Rhine. But if the Rhineland were demilitarized, if no fortifications were allowed along the Rhine, and the whole territory between the Rhine and the French frontier were demilitarized, so that no fortifications, arms, troops, or recruiting were permitted in it, and this demilitarization were guaranteed, say, by the League of Nations, then the same

or even better protection would be assured to the French against a German invasion than by any attempt on their part to dismember Germany and hold the Rhine.

This argument is, from many points of view, a strong one. If demilitarization of this area would meet the genuine demand for security which is certainly widely made in France, it would be well worth while for Germany and the rest of Europe to demilitarize it out of hand without giving any great thought to justice or general principles. That is why we consider, as an avenue to peace, the proposal deserves to be explored further, and an attempt should be made to see how far a scheme of demilitarization would be accepted in France as a guarantee of security. But such an attempt should only be made with a clear realization of the real dangers and difficulties inherent in the scheme. They can, perhaps, be most clearly and shortly shown by comparing such a scheme for demilitarization with the "plan of peace" which M. Philippe Millet puts forward in the current number of "L'Europe Nouvelle." M. Millet is one of the ablest of French journalists writing on international affairs; he is "in touch" with the best sources of information; and he has a reputation, among French political writers, for moderation and reasonableness. What does he demand for France? He would demand payment of a sum for Reparations of from 2½ to 3 milliards, spread over a period of 30-35 years. The Rhineland would be neutralized or demilitarized, and this would be assured, not by separating it politically from Germany, but by subjecting it to permanent international control. This would entail placing the control of the railways and the maintenance of demilitarization in the hands of a Commission, international in name, but upon which France and Belgium must have a preponderant representation. As to the Saar, this territory is to be included under the international *régime* to be applied to the Rhineland, but the Saar mines are to be handed over in perpetuity to France.

M. Millet, as we said, stands for moderation and reasonableness amid the violence which now does duty for policy in France. But his scheme is one of thinly disguised annexation. Under what conceivable principle of right or justice can France and Belgium claim to control the Rhine railways or France claim to annex the Saar mines? The important thing to observe is that in M. Millet's plan the annexationist object is achieved under cover of "demilitarization." Demilitarization implies control, and any proposal from our side to demilitarize the Rhineland will be seized upon by many people in France and perverted into a scheme for assuring France some permanent form of control over German territory, *i.e.*, into an "international" authorization or legalization of France's present policy of violence.

THE GROWING POWER OF THE EXECUTIVE.

It is an important characteristic of our time that the executive power of the States should have extended, within recent years, to boundaries far beyond what were deemed legitimate by the classic doctrines of the last age. In the realm of delegated legislation, there is much to be said for the development; though the famous *Arlidge* case shows the danger that this power may be used to oust the jurisdiction of the Courts. That danger is even more apparent in the exercise of the prerogative by the Government. Here no Parliamentary enactment can be quoted; and the protection of the subject is dependent

upon the firm resolve of the Courts to scrutinize each action taken against him. Unless that scrutiny is relentless and searching, a fundamental safeguard of popular liberty is in constant danger of destruction.

The recent refusal of the Judicial Committee to entertain Zaghoul Pasha's Petition against his internment by the Governor of Gibraltar is exactly the kind of case where rigorous scrutiny of this kind has been evaded. With the wisdom or unwisdom of Zaghoul's acts in Egypt the Court is, of course, unconcerned. What does concern it is the fact that whatever offences he has committed have been committed upon the soil of what is now, by our own act, an independent State. He is guilty, that is, of no offence against the British Crown; and his Petition was for a writ of Habeas Corpus to show for what cause he was interned in Gibraltar by the order of the Governor. The argument of the Attorney-General, which induced the Judicial Committee to throw out the Petition, is of a nature so dubious and so vague that it is greatly to be hoped it will secure a more detailed examination. Gibraltar, he said, was obtained by conquest, and in the absence of any special legislation applying the common law to its government, it is ruled simply by the prerogative of the Crown. Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus have therefore no relevancy to any territory acquired by conquest, unless Parliament has willed otherwise; for if the King in Council should apply that system of rights by ordinance, it appears that another ordinance may equally take it away. It follows, therefore, that neither a British subject nor an alien has the liberties historically associated with our political system except by Royal grace; and what Royal grace has given Royal grace may take away.

That is surely a position that will come as a surprise to most constitutional lawyers; and it is amazing that the Judicial Committee should have accepted it without full argument. The report, indeed, indicates that the Court was not unanimous; but, since the Judicial Committee is bound by the opinion of its majority, we have, unfortunately, no dissent to form the reservoir of a future judgment. But it is surely clear that if the seventeenth century meant anything in the history of this country, it meant that the Crown and its executive can exercise the prerogative only within the ambit of common law and statute. It is quite true that English law does not apply to ceded or conquered territory in the absence of express direction to that effect. But by order in Council of February 2nd, 1884, English law, which includes Habeas Corpus, was made applicable to Gibraltar as of December 31st, 1883. The Attorney-General offered no evidence that the Order had been repealed, or that, had it been repealed, the repeal would have been valid; for the surrender of the prerogative is a final surrender. And in the classic case of *Attorney-General v. Stewart* the notion was dismissed that the application of English law is at all limited; it is general as of the date when it comes into force. And this involves, quite clearly, the right of Zaghoul to be informed of the legal grounds of his detention; if held *ultra vires*, it involved also his right, ever since the great case of *Musgrove v. Pulido*, to sue the Governor of Gibraltar for unlawful imprisonment. The Privy Council, moreover, might have remembered that in the case of *Sprigg v. Sigcau*, which is not unlike that of Zaghoul, it was held that the internment of a native chief whose presence was thought dangerous to the public safety was illegal, even though the common law had not been applied to the territory. The refusal to entertain Zaghoul's petition becomes, in the face of these facts, a wanton deprivation of justice.

That deprivation is the more urgent when our own experiences of the last decade are borne in mind. Under Dora, and despite the protest of Lord Shaw, the House of Lords in *R. v. Halliday* allowed the internment of a British subject without the production of any evidence whatever. The latest arrest of 150 Irishmen under an Act which was intended to operate for an Ireland held under subjection by the Black-and-Tans is another instance of the same growth of executive power. Few will doubt that the Free State Government had good cause to demand these arrests. But, if offences have been committed, the ordinary Courts lie open in this country, and it is not yet alleged that they do not function. We are confronted, in fact, by the very grave danger that the substance of martial law is being introduced into normal administrative procedure either by the strained and illegitimate use of the prerogative, on the one hand, or by the strained and illegitimate use of delegated legislation, on the other. If the Courts permit their jurisdiction to be ousted in such vital cases as that of Zaghoul, there is an end of that rule of law which Professor Dicey thought the chief glory of the British Constitution. If we are to have, as we are now developing, a *droit administratif*, it is better that we should have it through straightforward legislative enactment than through the insidious methods by which it is now being evolved.

WHAT IS THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE?

By RAPHAEL ROCHE.

II.

In my previous article—on March 10th—I endeavored to show that the curative action of a drug was a non-tangible quality, that is, one apart from its chemical, physical, or bactericidal properties, apart from its color, taste, or texture; that it was an action *per se*, specific, which cannot be reproduced or tested elsewhere than on the Vital Force of the body.

As a result of the neglect to study curative drug-action, a host of systems of treatment have arisen in an attempt to supply the deficiency, notably Suggestion, Hypnotism, increasing surgical operations, open air, mental healing, Swedish massage, electricity, osteopathy, radiant heat, rest cures, dieting, foreign travel, bacteriology, and (so-called) Christian (so-called) Science; but they do not cover the ground, and the million "chronic incurables" in England remain incurable to justify this statement. Among their torturers are neurasthenia, cancer, tuberculosis, epilepsy, neuritis, rheumatoid arthritis, endarteritis, arteriosclerosis, phlebitis and thrombosis, diabetes, Bright's disease, and various forms of mental and spinal disease. It is a mockery to speak to these unfortunate sufferers of the advance of another Science—preventive Hygiene—which cannot help them. As well console a drowning man, eagerly looking for the proverbial straw at which to clutch, with the statement that an iron railing is to be put up to hinder others from falling in.

I offer, not a straw, but a lifeboat whereby they may be saved. I have saved many in that same boat. Will the Medical Council man it? I offer the drilling—free. If it be objected that many of the million are too far advanced for cure, I reply that at an earlier stage, even at the very beginning of their several illnesses, they were equally incurable, and solely owing to the absence of curative medical knowledge in the schools. Many others are to-day but at the beginning stage of these progressive diseases. Are we to wait until this new army of misery becomes also "too advanced"? None of the beginning cases should be incurable to Medicine, and

I have proved that many, even of the most advanced, can be cured or permanently benefited to a degree unknown to the reigning palliative system. Here is no alternative curative treatment, for *alternative* implies an existing one: there is none.

Would it not be fairer to a surgeon that he should be equipped with knowledge of curative medicine before being asked to decide whether the risk of an operation is the only course open? Then, again, how many cases really become surgical for want of this knowledge at an earlier stage? Bacon says: "By far the greatest obstacle to the progress of Science is found in this—that men despair and think things impossible," and certainly no man of Science should refuse to make the experiments necessary to test a possibility; yet one of the best-known doctors recently compared the curing of a chronic disease by medicines to "turning used tea-leaves into gold"! That is what Bacon calls despair. This eminent man, who would no doubt call himself scientific, declined to witness the experiment. The prejudice against drug-action has arisen from its failure to cure; but what if it has been wrongly used? Medicines, used, as heretofore, as palliatives in chronic cases, not only do not cure, but they actually and inevitably increase the tendency which they lessen for a moment.

Then, again, the search for the non-existent in the shape of a drug for the cure of a disease as such has been followed by false testing of any cure obtained. Whenever a case of a hitherto intractable disease has apparently been cured by a drug, that drug is at once tried on one hundred sufferers *from the same disease*. It naturally fails in most of them, and is consequently condemned. If a hundred different drugs proved curative in a hundred cases of cancer, each drug having been selected owing to some peculiar symptoms in its special case, they would all be tested as above and rejected as worthless. Is this a scientific proceeding?

With regard to the open-air "treatment" for consumption, which would be better called open-air "want of treatment," it is not generally known, as proved by autopsies, that one person in every three suffers from incipient consumption of the lungs at some period during his or her life. These are now all included in the statistics of so-called cures by open-air, which is not proved to have been a factor at all. Naturally in cases where several people, through poverty, are obliged to live together and work in one room, with the windows carefully pasted up to keep the cold out of their fireless home, their removal from this state of air-poisoning causes an improvement in their condition, but this should not be dignified by the name of medical treatment, any more than should the removal of a man out of the reach of one who is slowly killing him by poison. Fresh air is a necessity of life, just as food is. If it has been called curative medical treatment, it is from ignorance of the real article.

Sufferers from nervous diseases would be greatly benefited by the L.C.C.'s proposal—which seems almost too good to be true—to abolish all unnecessary street noises and cries, and especially the epidemic of street whistling, which the unfortunate London pedestrian has to encounter in addition to the unavoidable roar of the traffic; but this will not be curative treatment of their nerves.

As it is, we still have some 45,000 deaths yearly from cancer, as many from tuberculosis. Even taking acute diseases—that is, those which go away of themselves—the last 'flu epidemic cost us 151,000 lives, without counting the large number left "chronic incurables" by it. Is there to be no change? Are we to go on for ever offering prizes of £10,000 for the discovery of the non-existent?—and this, forsooth, in the name of Science!

Palliative medical treatment of a chronic state is as damaging as was blood-letting, which used to be equally praised. Stimulation of the spine by strychnine or of

a failing heart by digitalis I consider as harmful as alcoholic stimulation, only more so, and it might well be forbidden, as have inoculation with smallpox virus and illegal operations for birth control when, as the French say of a lady, "*Il lui est arrivé un petit malheur.*"

In the absence of curative-drug knowledge in the schools, no amount of study of hygiene, chemistry, physics, botany, anatomy, morphology, embryology, physiology, histology, pathology, bacteriology, &c., can effectually take its place. Nor can vivisection help here. In the cure of chronic diseases I have never made use of any knowledge gained directly or indirectly from vivisection.

Where curative medical treatment is unable to cure, owing to a case being too far advanced, it becomes an ideal palliative, for it is not followed by the contrary, as is the present system of palliation. The adoption of the method proposed would result in the existing vast army of chronic incurables being either cured or greatly relieved, the beginning cases being nipped in the bud, and it would lead to an increase in the emoluments of doctors, owing to the longer and more difficult work involved in individualizing each case, and to an increase in the number of practitioners—an incidental advantage to the professional labor market—neither of which prospects should be distasteful to the medical authorities.

The problem of the million incurables cannot be solved by advertising me: what man can treat a million people? It can be solved only by a reform of doctors' studies. Will they man the lifeboat?

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

No doubt something has happened at Brussels. After all, no compact to ruin Germany was ever signed by Belgium, and the French have over-written their part of the engagement. There is another consideration. France has failed, and knows she has failed, and it is inconceivable that Belgium has not made her ally aware of her own special consciousness of that fact. The French made three confident calculations. They thought that Germany, after years of bullying on the Rhineland, would submit. They expected to drive a wedge between the German industrialists and their workmen. And they believed themselves competent to keep up the transport services, and secure the delivery of coal. Their shallow self-confidence has failed them on every one of these points. Moreover, there is no economic prospect. If it be hard nowadays for capitalists and laborers to get along when both are men of the same race, nationality, and type of character, how incomparably harder must it be when every one of these uniting elements is absent! Shot and bludgeoned and bullied, the German worker can still ca' canny, and beat his tyrants by simply raising his miner's axe to his chosen measure. Add to all this that the cause of passive resistance is the cause not of Germany only but of the whole world at issue with militarism, and we begin to understand why France falters.

THEN should Germany just wait and see? I think that is not her measure of the situation. From all I can gather, her political position is good. Germany is

not falling to pieces; she is growing together. There is no alternative to the Cuno Government. The Socialists, who alone could replace it, do not want office, and while they grumble, will in effect support. So will all the other parties but the extreme Nationalists, whom the Government discourages by every means in its power, without the least danger of being supplanted by them. Some greater equality of taxation the Socialists will (very rightly) demand, but they will neither consent to submission to France nor allow their resistance to harden into guerrilla war. Again, I say, France is morally beaten.

NEVERTHELESS, Germany, while firm, is not intransigent. It is hard for her to move; for though she has far more sympathy here (especially in commercial circles) than she suspects, she is right in thinking that it cannot quickly materialize. And naturally she wants to see her land freed from this brutal invasion. As to Reparations, she probably feels that it is useless to name a specific sum. French criticism would merely tear it to pieces. If she suggests anything, it will more likely be in the direction of the American hint of a body of experts charged with the duty of discovering Germany's capacity to pay. Before proceeding to such a plan it would be necessary to be advised of Germany's readiness to accept its findings. This, I imagine, she would tender. Would that satisfy France? Doubtful. If France now wants an excuse to retire from the Ruhr, a pledge on Reparations is hardly enough. What, then, can Germany offer? I doubt whether she has ever entertained a specific plan. But it is worth mentioning that General Spears's interesting proposal to demilitarize the Ruhr and Rhineland areas, retaining them as part of the German Reich, but allowing no soldiers or military works or fortified towns, has been well entertained here, and it is hard to see why Germany should refuse it, if—a very important if—it were dissociated from Franco-Belgian control of the railways and industries. Here I see a glimmer of light. And the friends of peace might do worse than work to enlarge the opening.

I CONFESS to an unexcited feeling about Mr. George's emphatic gesture towards "Reunion." Why such haste? Doubtless Mr. George is just now a disembodied spirit, and, like some famous progenitors in that line, is a little flurried in the effort to find new quarters. But if I were a Liberal leader I should not rush to meet the guest, and should rather open a parley before a still fastened door. For entertaining Mr. George unawares has entailed consequences, and may entail them again. That Georgian Party, for instance. How much precisely is there of it? Twenty members with no pledges or other tender memorials of a not uneventful past? I doubt it. I should rather be disposed to divide the Parliamentary Lloyd Georgians into about three categories. First, the men who are really and always have been Tories, have decided to give an unblushing proof of their sympathies by their votes, and mean to sit again, if they ever sit, by direct Tory support. Second, a middle section, some of whom I should suspect of a similar relationship to the Tory Whips, coupled with a genial private understanding to appear in the next House of Commons as "independent Conservatives." This group is also a little suspect in its votes, inclining,

on the whole, to the ingenious device of not voting at all. The third lot is more or less Liberal, and probably anxious to be rid of the obligation to repay Tory votes in the constituencies with corresponding Tory votes in the House of Commons. There are doubtless some elements of honest, if rather foggy, Liberalism in this group. I should specify it and its leader, Mr. Alexander Shaw, as of the time-honored race of Trimmers, who, on the whole, wish to see the boat's course set towards Liberalism. But to speak plainly, I see no gain of moral strength in the whole lot. Like their leader, they have baulked on all the great issues of the last nine years, or have gone dead wrong on them; and I would not give their anæmic consciences the slightest infective power over Independent policy or Parliamentary action.

An indirect point in Mr. Gardiner's biography of Sir William Harcourt. Why did the Government resign after being beaten on the Cordite Vote? It is usually suggested that the reason was "C.-B.'s" definite objection to go on. Was that, if it existed, conclusive? I think the issue was virtually settled on Rosebery's refusal—repeated later on—to go on working with Harcourt.

It is much to be hoped that the House of Commons will give a second reading to the Bill for the protection of performing animals, which comes on next week. The reason for such action is overwhelming. First, there is a very strong case for control, to which men like Dr. Chalmers Mitchell have given the strongest support. Secondly, the statement of that case has deeply moved the public. Thirdly, there is every reason to believe that the majority of the House of Commons shares this feeling. There is a trade opposition, as there always is to every attempt to protect animals used in the service or the amusement of mankind. But as the measure is one for the regulation, not the abolition, of this trade, and as the people who conduct it profess their aversion from cruelty, what right have they to block the Bill at this stage and thus ruin its chances for the session? I see none.

I AM glad to see that the Government is being steadily pressed to act for the protection of the public against the licence of a portion of the Press in regard to scabrous reporting. Why this flood of pruriency is allowed to go on flowing from Monday to Saturday, with an extra-special flush for Sunday, when we shut the comparatively decent public-house and open this moral brothel for all to enter, young and old, is past my imagining, unless it be that the proprietors of these papers have the ear of Government as no other dangerous trade seems to have. Nor is any country that I am in the habit of visiting so infested as we are. Reporting in the French Press, for example, is decency itself compared with ours. But if the argument of decency fails, let me adduce that of common fairness. Why, for example, should the fastidious aristocrats for whom the "Morning Post" spreads its frolicsome feast, or the workmen whose choice is for the "Herald," be cut off from such delights by the mere delicacy of their proprietors, while followers of the "odds" or pursuers of the Nonconformist conscience can revel in the Russell baby or track the next deleterious cleric to his lair? This seems wrong. And

really an energetic Home Secretary could put all these things right.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"An interesting announcement appears in a recent issue of 'Nature.' 'The native animals and plants of Australia,' it runs, 'are of exceptional interest, and many of them are likely to disappear. . . . The Trustees of the British Museum, recognizing the importance of securing an adequate representation of this remarkable fauna and flora while there is yet time, have made arrangements for a collecting expedition, which started from London a few days ago.' The italics are mine. Never before have I seen so naive an admission that the British Museum of Natural History aids and abets the extermination of the rarer animals and plants of the world. So our great Museum, whose staff are salaried out of public funds, is no better than the common collector, who makes a wilderness of the animal world and calls it science. How different is this conduct from that of the American Museum of Natural History, which in the January number of its magazine announced that it would receive no more skins of animals in danger of extinction, and has done its best in many directions to aid the Audubon Societies in their life-saving efforts!"

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE DEMAND FOR BIRTH CONTROL.

Most people, we fancy, would like to see fewer babies born in the squalor of the slums and more born in the homes of persons with a high standard of comfort and the traditions of a more independent life. Many again, looking at the world we inhabit, would incline to the view that the growth of population is too rapid, rather than too slow, for the interests of progress. Many, again, hold that the life of a hard-pressed working woman, who looks after a large family in a small house, and bears a child every year, is intolerable. But we suspect that there are many like ourselves who hold these views and yet regard with a good deal of concern the propaganda for birth control to which some of our intellectuals are devoting themselves.

The demand is, of course, a manifestation of post-war pessimism; it reflects the natural feeling (again the result of the war) that our life is overwhelmed by crushing and hostile forces. The demand for birth control is in this aspect the despairing cry of men who want to make an effort to be the masters of their destiny: to regulate in some degree the future of their race. Whenever anything happens in the world on a catastrophic scale, it affects man's imagination in this way. During the war many people talked as if the danger was that our stock would be impoverished in quantity, and not merely in quality, by its cost in life. To-day we talk as if we were all engaged in a scramble in which numbers were a difficulty rather than a help. In other words, instead of thinking of human beings as so many active hands, able to bring Nature more under the command of men, we think of them as so many devouring mouths, consuming her resources. So we look out on mankind as the monopolist or the small craft union looks out on traders and workmen.

There is a real danger that this pessimism will point man to the wrong rather than the right solution of his troubles. This is what happened a century ago. The

argument from any of these starting points always comes back to the same conclusion. Nineteenth-century England never acquired control of her social life, for the disorder created by the rapid expansion of her industry and the precipitate development of a new form of power set the tone and standard of her life. We have to do what our fathers failed to do, and there is a danger that the insistence on birth control will mask the real problem or provide the reason and conscience of the age with an inferior but easier alternative to the true answer.

In this connection it is interesting and instructive to note the reactions of capitalism to this problem. A century ago there was a general panic about the excess of population. That panic was due partly to economic or philosophical speculation, but it was due in the main to the experience of the Speenhamland system. In most of the villages in the South of England the village laborer had been turned into a pauper, and the outcry about excessive population came from the ratepayer, whose condition in 1834 was pretty desperate. But people were not talking like this all over England. On the contrary. The newspapers in the new industrial districts were publishing advertisements like the advertisement that appeared in the Macclesfield papers in 1825: "To the overseers of the poor and to families desirous of settling in Macclesfield. Wanted between 4,000 and 5,000 persons between the ages of 7 and 21 years." The masters of the new industry did not look, like Malthus, to the myriad mouths: they looked to the myriad hands of mankind, and in their reckoning the baby was a better man than his father. The ideal arrangement from their point of view was introduced with the new Poor Law, when the overseers told the parent for whom there was no work that he must either send his children to the mill or take them to the workhouse.

We are now back again in something like the Speenhamland system. No modern State dares to let men starve, and we have gradually developed a system of doles and grants which give a kind of maintenance to the surplus worker. The employer no longer has the pick of a mob of hungry men who know that the man who is left will have nothing on which to live. And the child of ten or twelve is now in the elementary school maintained by the rates and taxes. So the modern capitalist has come round to the view of the landowner of a century ago: he sees less of the advantages of a large population and more of its burdens. And confronted with the demand for a radical reform of the industrial system he turns round on the workers and says to them: "Control your numbers and the thing will right itself." In other words, the agitation for birth control will largely fall into conservative hands, because it is based on a conservative argument. It leads men's minds away from the vital question of environment, and from the power of science—never greater than it is or should be to-day—both to increase production and give it its start over population, and to add to the reward of labor while diminishing its hardships.

The new movement for birth control, therefore, starts at the wrong end. A, who is a professional man or perhaps a well-to-do artisan, who lives in a decent house and educates his children till they are sixteen or eighteen, has a small family; while B, who is a casual worker and lives in a disgusting house and sends his children out to sell papers as soon as the law allows him, has a huge family. Thus population increases rapidly where men are degraded, and slowly where they have their heads above water. Clearly, if your nation lived in decent conditions the check on population which comfort introduces would operate generally and automatically, and in all classes there would be small families

side by side with large families, which is the ideal arrangement. The problem really turns on two questions. Can the nation afford to house its people? Can it afford to educate them? If overcrowding were made impossible, and if no child were allowed to leave school till he or she was sixteen, there would be no need of agitation on birth control. A wise State would put those two considerations before all others. But we flinch from the capital problems. This was shown by the use made by the Liberals of their last majority. Instead of concentrating all their energy on wiping out the great housing scandal and giving every child a decent education, they wasted their time and the nation's resources on Health Insurance. Health Insurance is an excellent thing in its place, but no educated man, with the choice before him, would choose to insure his child in preference to giving him a healthy house to live in and a decent school to learn in. Could anything be more perverse than to spend millions on insuring men and women while we compel them to live in conditions that breed disease? Yet at this moment the Government are sanctioning the degradation of the very modest standard for housing set up by Dr. Addison. We should like to see a Government take office which said resolutely that until it had put the nation's housing and education on a decent footing, it would not spend a penny on anything else in the way of public services.

Meanwhile there is one aspect of the agitation for birth control which cannot be altogether disregarded, and which we think those who are conducting it should keep in mind. We cannot think that it was a desirable proceeding for Dr. Marie Stopes to go to Oxford to hold a public meeting. The young men at Oxford belong, in the main, to those classes of society where there is no mystery about this subject, and nobody complains to to-day that the professional and richer classes multiply too fast. Dean Inge and his friends make just the opposite complaint. We cannot, therefore, think there was any need for propaganda in Oxford, and we do see strong reasons for refraining from setting the minds of youth in a ferment with this problem. For every man of the world knows perfectly well that to lay stress on this question to young men and young women of the impressionable undergraduate age is to weaken inhibitions which, to put it no higher, serve an important social purpose. One other point. Is this exactly a time for preaching the safety of promiscuous indulgence in the strongest passion known to humanity from the consequences which nature attaches to the sexual function and the moral joys and social responsibilities that accompany parenthood?

"CONVICT SOULS."

"O sight of pity, shame and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict soul!"

THAT is the beginning and the end of Walt Whitman's poem called "The Singer in the Prison," and throughout the works of that true lover of freedom one hears from time to time a note of sympathy with the prisoner. "For me," he writes, "the keepers of convicts shoulder their carbines and keep watch, It is I let out in the morning and barred at night." Or again:—

"You felons on trial in courts,
You convicts in prison cells, you sentenced assassins
chained and handcuffed with iron,
Who am I, too, that I am not on trial or in prison?
Me ruthless and devilish as any, that my wrists are not
chained with iron, or my ankles with iron?"

For myself, rejoicing, like most people, in freedom because we have never yet been detected, the thought

that comes to my mind whenever I enter a prison or a police-court or any other place of bolts and bars, is the line spoken by Faust when he entered Gretchen's dungeon: *Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer fasst mich an*. These bolts and bars typify the whole misery of mankind, and it clutches at one's heart. A bird in a cage, a wild beast in the Zoo, a dog in a dealer's window, exposed to the blaze of the sun and the gaze of idlers, is a pitiful sight; but what of a man or a woman, with all the consciousness and faculties of mankind, shut in a prison cell, as in a cage or Zoo?

It makes no difference to the shame and dole that the prison may be a "model," regulated on the latest lines—clean, healthy, swept, and even garnished. I have known the prisons in Morocco and in Turkey. I have seen the wretched prisoners rolling together upon the dust, and thrusting out brown hands through the bars to beg alms or food or tobacco from the passers-by. And so far as human happiness went, I have thought they were no worse off than the inmates of Brixton Gaol or Portland or Sing Sing. It is not conditions that matter much; it is the loss of liberty that is appalling. Those long, open passages or "halls," with rows of neatly arranged cells on either side, and galleries floored with gratings of iron bars, so that the entrances to every cell may be commanded by a single warder stationed at any point; the dreary furniture, the stuffy air, the hideous clothes, the clanging bells, the ghastly regularity, the monotonous diet, kept low in the hope of subduing human passion, the slow extinction of individuality and personal endeavor—what a prospect for month after month, year after year, of a man's short life! The result of all punishment, from execution downwards, is that it converts condemnation of the crime into sympathy with the criminal. No matter how mean the offence or how harmful to the whole country, the moment that the offender is "lodged in gaol," hatred is transformed into pity. On entering a great London prison last Saturday, I heard that I should probably see a man who has done as much harm to England's mind and reputation as anyone living—a man convicted of crimes that seem to me the most detestable of any. Yet I naturally said "Poor old boy!"

I don't know whether it is a new experiment or not, but, as is well known, the Chaplain of Wormwood Scrubbs (a name to fill any soul with bitterness!) has arranged for leave to invite "outsiders" (an appropriate word!) to talk to the prisoners every Saturday afternoon, and sometimes to give them songs and concerts. I hear that even a play is to be given soon. I accepted the invitation, as anyone would, in the bare hope of giving the prisoners, if not pleasure, at all events some break in their daily monotony—some chance of taking their thoughts off those exemplary and dismal surroundings, and providing them with an opportunity of criticism, whether in approval or not. For want of a hall large enough to hold the 500 or 600 men in the audience, the discourses or concerts are held in the chapel—a bare but rather beautiful building. The better to be seen and heard, I was told to speak from the high stone pulpit, and in long benches facing me sat row after row of men, some in blue jackets, some in brown, some in yellow, according to their "standing" in the prison—the blue being still under remand or appeal, the brown in the "second division," the yellow in the "third." I think all wore some sort of ticket or number, as their sole badge of personality; and all but some of the "blues" were marked by the flabby face and greenish pallor that come to everyone in confinement. Here and there among them, at regular intervals, perched upon raised platforms like watch-

towers, sat the warders, maintaining order as teachers maintain it over school-children in church. I do not know the average age of the prisoners, but should put it at about thirty, and most of them (I believe something like 80 per cent.) had served as "heroes" in the war. Yet there they sat, and the warders watched their behavior.

I had been asked to talk about a long journey I once made into Central Africa to explore the slave-traffic reported to be carried on there for working the plantations of the Portuguese colony of Angola, and especially the cocoa plantations on the Portuguese islands of San Thomé and Príncipe. It was easy to perceive the stages of interest upon those white, upturned faces with eyes so steadily fixed upon me. The men liked well enough to hear a description of the country and the strange animals which I had seen there. Especially they liked to hear of lions and hippos, and the elephants that go crashing in families through the forest, and thrust their trunks deep into the dry beds of rivers to find the water oozing below. Zebras, antelopes, monkeys, jackals, crocodiles—it was all like the Zoo, with freedom added. But better still they liked to hear of the native tribes and their way of life—the tribal distinctions made by gashes on the skin and teeth chipped or filed; the various currencies of calico, salt, or rum; the powers of the chiefs, who judge offences, and always win in parlor games because they have so much leisure for practice; the medicine-men and the various fetishes to conciliate evil spirits; the dances under the full moon to the beat of the booming wooden drum. They were much amused to think that the "Jazz" of fashionable society probably originated in the gambols and contortions of those naked savages, passed into the Southern States of America in the days of the old-fashioned slave-trade. But what amused them most was the animal folklore that passed in the same way into America, to be recorded by Uncle Remus—that and such perennial and universal jests as the story of the native who said:—

"I go to bury my mother-in-law. But the King sends for me to attend his Council. If I disobey the King, he will cut off my head. If I don't bury my mother-in-law, she may come to life. I go to bury my mother-in-law."

But when I came to describe the actual slave-traffic as I saw it then, there was no more laughter. There came that breathless hush known to all speakers, when interest reaches its height, and even coughing stops. Perhaps it was the contrast with their own lot; more likely it was the similarity, for the slaves were also imprisoned souls, however innocent; and hardly anyone ever thinks himself guilty. I told how the men and women were sold far up in the interior for cartridges or old guns or rum, or were given up by chiefs on charges of witchcraft, or were carried off by raids from their villages; how they were driven down over hundreds of miles to the coast, themselves carrying the heavy wooden shackles with which they were tied up at night; how they were sold at the coast towns, especially at Benguela, for an average price of £16 a head, and some were set to work on the mainland, others sent on fortnightly steamers by an eight days' voyage to labor till they died upon the cocoa islands in the Gulf of Guinea, from which, when I was there, not one had ever returned. I told how my report was received in Portugal and at home with disbelief and contempt, but was more than confirmed by an honorable man sent out by our cocoa firms to investigate; and how the Aborigines Protection Society and the Anti-Slavery Society took up the matter and pressed it till Sir Edward Grey himself took it up; and with such energy that at last the Portuguese were compelled, not only to reform the system, but

actually to observe the reforms, so that many thousands of enslaved men and women were returned from these islands to their homes; and I said that, no matter what may have happened since the war began (for of that we cannot yet be certain), when I come to die I shall have the unusual consolation of seeing thousands of little black figures dancing round my bed and crying, "He sent us home! He sent us home!"

It was no wonder that the vision of those imprisoned souls eagerly speeding back to their homes pleased the souls in prison. I had allowed time for questions within the hour, and at once the questions began—shrewd and intelligent questions: one asking about the treatment of the slaves on the islands; another asking whether there was any artistic work on the West Coast of Africa, and so on. Perhaps the keenest asked whether, seeing that cocoa was grown or had been grown by slave labor, it was not the duty of all to refuse to drink it. Whereupon immense laughter, for the time had just come for the regulation cocoa supper, and I could only reply that if certain other people had only followed that suggestion sooner than they did, they would have saved themselves a lot of trouble and expense.

So we concluded, and they cheered. Something, I suppose, had been gained; some breach made in the infinite monotony of the days. But outside, while I was speaking of Central Africa, a Cup Tie was being played. The cheering penetrated the prison walls, and there was not a soul there who would not have given his chances of salvation to be out upon the football ground watching the match. And those men, one must remember, were not in the worst case of prisoners. With one exception, who happened to be kept there for special reasons, all would be free again within two years.

Two years knocked out of life is bad enough; but what of seven years, ten years, twenty years, or the whole of remaining existence? The Singer in Whitman's poem said of the convict soul:—

"Ceaseless she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace."

"But there is no alternative!" cries Authority from her routine bed. Well, we who are not in authority, but live outside the routine bed, must find an alternative.

H. W. N.

THE KEYS OF JERUSALEM.

TOWARDS NOON the resistance of the Turks collapsed. They fled east and north, and the advanced troops of the British force on the road from Jaffa pressed forward with an eagerness which was noteworthy. It may have been due to expectation. We had come far, and now the goal was close at hand. The Syrian monk at Enab had told us that El Kubeibeh—the valley where war's intrusion seemed an outrage, so peaceful was the aspect of its sycamores and cypresses and the broad sheet of precious water among those barren hills—once had been called Emmaus, and we knew it was only three-score furlongs distant from the City, a Sunday morning's walk.

After crossing the bottom of a deep ravine, the road skirted its southern edge and climbed in zig-zags to a rocky plateau. The word passed round that this was the last stage; yet even when that long ascent had been accomplished, no city could be seen, and already the short winter day was drawing in. At a bend, where the ravine turned north and the road ran in an easterly direction, were two houses; one was in ruins. Beyond them the ground sloped downwards to another valley into which

we could not see. To our right, in the south, a storm was brewing: the mountain tops were blotted out by leaden clouds beneath which the landscape seemed convulsed, and from that seething caldron white mists crept along the hidden valley, while wisps of fleecy vapor bore down on the plateau where we stood like riders of the sky.

One mountain, rising straight ahead, the storm had not yet reached. We had noted it many times before that day, the two towers on its summit, and a grove of trees surrounding a church with many domes in an enclosure on its side.

"How far off is the top of that hill?" asked a General.

"Just over five thousand yards to the left-hand tower," was the answer.

The hill in question was the Mount of Olives, the enclosure the Garden of Gethsemane, below which the still invisible city lay, not more than one mile off.

"Remember that no one is to go inside the walls. The Bull* will be furious if anything of that kind happens." This last injunction given, the General went back in his car to announce to Headquarters and the world that Jerusalem had fallen.

Meanwhile, a small crowd had assembled in and around the ruined house; it consisted of signallers establishing telephonic communication, a German doctor, two Americans, and three Turks. One of the Turks was the Mayor of the Holy City, and he had brought with him the keys as a token of surrender. They were large keys and quite ordinary, except that they were very clean and shone like silver. There were several; no doubt "the keys of all the creeds" were in that bunch. They had been offered to two private soldiers, who had refused to have anything to do with them; their duties as cooks were far too pressing and began only when camp was reached. Dalliance on the road for such as these would have been criminal; others might traffic with key-bearing Mayors; their business was to serve hungry, exacting comrades, and shout out at the earliest moment possible the glad tidings "Dinners Up!"

An Artillery Major had also been approached, but with the same result. He was a solicitor in private life, and the effect of artillery training on his legal mind had been to increase its cautiousness. Those keys were not for him, he felt that instinctively; his ambition was a D.S.O.; whereas the keys of Jerusalem were for people who might aspire to a K.C.B. or even higher. But when he thought of the local Press at home, in Yorkshire, of a whole column devoted to his doughty deeds, headed "A Tyke takes Temple," with a photograph of himself and three heathen Turks inset (one of the Americans had brought a camera), he was sorely tempted.

The keys were still undisposed of when the senior General called up on the telephone. He wanted further details before sending off a telegram; but on being told of what had transpired since he left, his voice became eager, anxious, and imperative.

"The Mayor with the keys? Has he still got them? . . . Keep him till I come; on no account let him go away or give them to anybody else. I will receive them!"

Preparations for the ceremony were made at once: a few women and children had by this time assembled, bringing flowers, and a camera was got into position.

If Robert the Bruce had achieved his heart's desire and been able to fulfil his vow, he might have ridden by that road after lying overnight at Enab. But he would not have stopped one moment by the wayside in his impatience; the keys would have been received by Douglas, the faithful servant of his King. Godfrey of Bouillon, too—"a quiet, pious, hard-fighting knight, who was chosen to rule in Jerusalem because he had no

* General Allenby

dangerous qualities and no obvious defects"—would have left either to Bohemund or Baldwin what to him would have seemed an empty show. But he, of course, was not successful, only the hero of a legend and some songs. The man who actually received the keys was neither King nor Pilgrim, though in some ways a Crusader; his satisfaction was unbounded as he stood, the observed of all observers (and there were at least a dozen present), by the roadside with the ruin as a background. Ruins and conquerors go well together.

Click went the camera, and the General smiled approval; at least there was a record of this historical event with himself the central figure.

In regard to publicity the Solicitor and the General had much in common; but naturally the latter's outlook on affairs was wider. No local Press for him; he aimed at nothing less than the front page of a Sunday illustrated paper—some weekly compendium of sport, vulgarity, follies, crimes, and lies, with an occasional contribution from a Cabinet Minister. This is an age of doubt; people believe little of what they read, but still retain a touching faith in photographs. His niche in the temple of fame and limelight would be secure if a million so-called Sunday readers knew him by sight. And how opportune it was! With any luck the negative would be in London by Christmas week. Thus, suddenly, is a garish glory gained.

A whole series of photographs had in fact been taken; his was the last. The first was of two British Tommies, in shorts, conferring with a Turkish Mayor and two City Councillors, accepting cigarettes and flowers, smiling their gratitude for these gifts. The second was of their backs as they plodded stolidly eastwards, keyless and careless, while three disconsolate City Fathers stared after them, baffled and charmed by their simplicity. The third showed a big, strong man seated squarely on a horse; and looking up at him, appealingly, a frail old Turk holding a bunch of keys. The horseman's face was twitching under the stress of inner conflict between caution and desire. He was neither buying nor selling, but, metaphorically, was looking a gift horse in the mouth. A strange position for a Yorkshireman. "*Château qui parle; femme qui écoute.*" The proverb is incomplete. In all probability, if he, who had neither spoken nor listened to Jerusalem's first Magistrate, had looked at those keys a moment longer he would have yielded. But caution triumphed. The fourth photograph showed a wistful figure, standing apart, watching; the solicitor had lingered, held by some instinct, until the General's car arrived. If to suffer in silence were a military virtue, that solitary spectator earned a D.S.O. during the next five minutes. A Major, of course, should always give way to a General; but this man was only one-third Major; he had two other sides which did not wear khaki. Another man, because he was a General, was getting what he, a Yorkshire solicitor, might have got, for nothing. It was enough to make anyone a Bolshevik. He wondered if the smiling recipient of those keys was Irish—quite a quarter of the Generals in the British Army were of that fighting race—and shuddered at the thought.

A few hundred yards further on were the first houses of the western suburb. Neither pomp nor circumstance attended our arrival; we were not entering the walled city, only surrounding it, and marched through squalid streets from a corner near the Jaffa Gate to the main road leading to Damascus. While we passed the storm broke; an icy wind swept up the valley of the Kedron, rain fell in torrents and drenched the tired troops.

We had imagined something very different. In the camp west of Beersheba, life had been strenuous and

inevitably ascetic; the soul had been swept and garnished, the vision cleared. Waiting while summer mellowed into autumn, marking the changes of the moon, searching for water in a sandy waste, we had learned the desert's loneliness, tasted the tang of its hot breath, marched through cool, splendid Eastern nights over its trackless surface, watched the sun rise and dissipate the cloudy shimmer of its robe of dew. To some those weeks had been a vigil, the fitting preparation for a high adventure. Even the callous had moments of exaltation, mystical imaginings, mirages of the mind.

Realities are always disappointing; they issue from a gate of horn, not from the ivory gate of dreams.

In our visions we saw a City Beautiful, where once a temple with a golden dome had roused the envy of Samaritans and the cupidity of Vespasian's legions; we found drab, melancholy walls hemmed in on the north and west by a hideous modern suburb. We had surveyed with the mind's eye a green hill without a city wall; but Judgment Place, Calvary, and Sepulchre were huddled *within* the walls, and almost beneath one roof. We had pictured the "*Via Dolorosa*" as portrayed on stained-glass windows; it was a narrow lane, where ignorance and superstition had been so exploited that there might have been turnstiles at the Stations of the Cross. We had heard of Russian pilgrims paying huge sums to be the first to light their lamps at what was called the "*Sacred Fire*"; we saw the filament with which the trick was worked. We had conceived an atmosphere compact of memories of an imperishable story, and breathing peace; we entered an arena for all the jarring creeds. Being British, the latest crusaders tried to hide their disappointment, became more taciturn than ever, and registered another lost illusion.

There was no need. We still possessed our dreams, and of their stuff could create cities far more fair than any structure built with hands. Those bright, intangible, dissolving cities, how peaceful and serene, how different from Jerusalem on that day of storm and rain!—no mud, no smells, no noise, no hustling crowds, no simple soldiers hungering for a meal, no envious schemers, no conquerors taking keys, no walls, no secrets, nothing to conceal. They are not rooted to one spot, but come to us wherever we may be, assuming shapes as various as our moods. We are their architects, masters of all, without, within, kings in the kingdoms of our inner selves, whose revelations come and go.

C. B. THOMSON.

Letters to the Editor.

"LIBERAL REUNION."

SIR,—What is all this pother about "Liberal Reunion"?

The Liberal Party has continued to maintain its existence through all the tragedies of the war and the iniquities of the peace. It is true, indeed, that a determined attempt was made to destroy it in 1918 by some of its leaders, who went, in Sir William Harcourt's quotation, "a-whoring after strange gods." But the attempt failed. The Party, though small in numbers in the House of Commons, maintained a continual and not ineffective criticism of the product of the worship of these deities. At the last election it polled two and a-half million votes, "all knees that had not bowed to Baal and all mouths that had not kissed him."

And since that election, unto this day, men who had been Liberals in every town and countryside in England are quietly returning to the Liberal Associations and being welcomed by them.

A quite unnecessary noise has been raised by the leaders of the seceders of four years ago, who apparently wish to be taken back into the fold and to guide the policy of

Liberalism into an ultimate *bloc* to fight Labor. They appear to be led by Mr. Lloyd George, who, during the last few years, has made a series of attacks on Labor, which he once attempted, and almost with success, to cajole, with a view to becoming its leader. All these persons depend for their Parliamentary existence on Conservative votes. They are in the position of ladies, cast off by their *chers amis*, who fling themselves into our arms, imploring us to make them honest women.

How can we make them "honest women"? There are two ugly difficulties. The first is that their character is known, not only to us, but to all the world. The acts of the Coalition cannot be stopped like the stopping of a clock, at a definite date. Their consequences are already assailing the present administration, and are calculated to make its life "nasty, brutish, and short." They will persist, ruining the revival of Europe and social regeneration in England for at least the next decade.

We might sing songs of triumph and offer sacrificial banquets at the return of Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Alfred Mond, Sir William Sutherland, Mr. Fisher, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and similar patriots and statesmen. But the great mass of the electorate will merely identify ourselves with them, and our policy with their policy, and turn their backs on the hollowness of all political profession.

And the second difficulty is that this return is ostensibly fomented by the leaders of the so-called National Liberals, and approved by the great Conservative newspapers, definitely in order to "fight Labor"; with the ultimate ideal of a combination of all who possess property and privilege to keep down all those who have little or none. A Liberal Party organized for such a purpose would be, before the next General Election, as dead as Tutankhamen.

The great majority of us, including hundreds of thousands of present Liberal voters, have no intention of "fighting Labor." If such a scheme succeeded, we should ask permission to join Labor, or assist Labor by every means in our power to destroy such an abortion of a party. So long as this idea is entertained, even if not continually promulgated by Mr. Lloyd George and his fellow-leaders in the National Liberals, for so long we shall demand that they should find their spiritual home outside the Liberal Party.

I believe there is a great future for that Party, acting, if not in alliance, yet in general sympathy with the section of the Labor Party which is demanding a social and international policy akin to that which was approved by the great mass of the Liberal voters at the last election. No one would refuse any member in the House of Commons who will express his allegiance to such an ideal, accept the Liberal Whips, and quietly rejoin a great historic Party. I believe that number will increase as the days go by. But the whole process would be arrested and the Party injured beyond recovery if it is to enter into conferences, achieve dramatic fusions, and agree to become responsible for Mr. Lloyd George's speeches and the wild declamation he is issuing weekly to the world in the Press.

Let us continue in a world of confusion, in Lincoln's famous words, "with loyalty to the right, as God gives us to see the right." And let these gentry, who less than four months ago were attempting to destroy us in alliance with our hereditary enemies and for a creed which we abhor, each search his own mind and conscience and pass to his own place.—Yours, &c.,

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

SIR,—May I, as one who has been a Liberal candidate, but is now merely a member of the rank and file, offer one or two words on the subject of Liberal reunion? Is not this question really more concerned with the leaders than the mere members of the Liberal Party? At the last election most Liberals did vote for Liberals; in many cases, of course, the National Liberal was returned by a Tory vote on the promise of giving general support to the Conservative Ministry; this sort of Liberals, I imagine, did not obtain many Liberal votes. The real question is whether Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Dr. Macnamara, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Ian Macpherson, &c., are to come back as leaders of the Liberal Party. A party depends to a large extent on its leadership, and leaders are able to direct the policy of a party with far greater ease than members of the party can direct their leaders. It is, therefore, of imperative

importance to see that the leaders of the Liberal Party will lead towards Liberalism and not towards opportunism, protection, or coercion. The evils of Europe to-day are directly traceable to the Treaty of Versailles, which was the negation of Liberalism; the evils of Ireland are in a large part directly traceable to the vacillation of policy followed by coercion, which also is the negation of Liberalism. Foreign adventure is the direct cause of much of the over-taxation from which we suffer, and the policy of Mesopotamia, Palestine, and the rattling of the sabre at the Turk, is the negation of Liberalism. Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform, still remains the unvaried policy of Liberalism. Let us really look at facts with some boldness. Do we believe that Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and Dr. Macnamara represent the Liberalism of either the past or of the future? There is a greater danger than losing these leaders to the party, and that is, if they do return, with their past performances and their past promises fresh in the minds of Liberals, that many, many Liberals will prefer to join the Labor Party, to strengthen the wing that represents decency of conduct in foreign affairs with sane advance at home, while others will join the Conservative Party. That party, anyhow, represents a dignified tradition in foreign affairs, while the party that is left will become the plaything of that agile brain which ruined the Liberal Party, and brought the Coalition, an even stronger party, into general ridicule and contempt in Great Britain, and lowered the fair fame of England throughout the world.

I want to emphasize that this is a question of leadership and not merely of reunion, and I hope that before being rushed into it by the speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, the articles of the "Daily Mirror," and the homilies of Lord Rothermere, the rank and file will understand fully what it is that they are requested to do.—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

THE IRISH DEPORTATIONS.

SIR,—It ought to be possible to criticize the action of the Government in deporting to Ireland the persons arrested as Irish rebels without being assumed in sympathy with them, but judging from most of the speeches in Parliament and articles in the daily and evening Press, such sympathy is assumed on the part of any such critic. I have none, and will risk the assumption.

Apart from this, there are two questions involved of the highest Constitutional importance to Englishmen. They are: (1) The legality of the action, and, if legal, (2) the extent to which the jurisdiction of the English Courts in protection of the liberty of the subject has been ousted.

A majority of the Court of Appeal in July, 1921, held that the Restoration of Order in Ireland Regulations, made under the Restoration of Order in Ireland Act, 1920, applied to persons resident in England suspected of acts prejudicial to the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland. Since that Act was passed, however, the Irish Free State has been constituted, and the question arises whether, and if so, to what extent, the powers conferred by the Restoration of Order in Ireland Act, 1920, have been abrogated or affected by the Acts constituting the Irish Free State.

The Attorney-General has expressed the opinion that such powers remain in force, and the Government has acted accordingly. But admittedly the question is not free from doubt and is one for the Courts to decide. The action of the Government in immediately deporting the arrested persons has, however, rendered ineffective any action in the English Courts. They have, in fact, assumed the functions of the judges. Whether the Government is legally right or wrong is not the main point, but the point to emphasize is that in a case where the liberty of the subject is at stake, the jurisdiction of the Courts has, in fact, been ousted.

It may be argued that during the war such was the position under the Defence of the Realm Act; but it was not so. It was always open to anyone to apply to the Courts for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and it was for the Courts to decide whether or not the person was lawfully in custody. As Lord Justice Bankes said in the Court of Appeal in the case already referred to: "It is no part of the Court's duty to criticize the policy of Parliament in giving powers to the Executive. It must assume that the circumstances war-

anted the giving of the power, but the Court *can* and *must* see that those powers are not exceeded."

There is, of course, in the Act of 1920, no distinction drawn between Irishmen, or Englishmen, or Scots, or Welsh, and if the contention of the Government is well founded we have arrived at this position, hitherto unknown in England, theoretically at any rate, since the time of Magna Charta, that it is in the "power" of the Executive to arrest an Englishman in England and remove him beyond the jurisdiction of the English Courts without trial, upon suspicion, and upon the ground of expediency.

If Parliament has, in fact, given such power to the Executive, was Parliament aware of what it was doing? and when it becomes aware, will it, and ought it to, permit such power to remain?—Yours, &c., F. R. NORR.

Highgate, N. 16.

HOUSING AND LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

SIR,—There is an error in your article "The Plight of the Government," in last week's issue, which is worth correcting, if only because it is already in common circulation.

You say: "Within a year the Government had repealed that (Housing) Bill. . . and had passed another measure, subsidizing the private builder for every house he erected." The fact is that the Housing, Town-Planning, &c., Act of 1919 has not been repealed, but that the period during which financial assistance of the kind contemplated in the Act might be given to Local Authorities came to an end on July 31st last. The substantial parts of the Act still stand, and it is important to remember that Section 1—which made it a duty of every Part III. Local Authority "to consider the needs of their area with respect to the provision of houses for the working classes, and within three months after the passing of this Act, and thereafter as often as occasion arises . . . to prepare and submit to the Ministry of Health a scheme for the exercise of their powers under the said Part III."—is as valid now as it was on the day of the passing of the Act.

While Sir Alfred Mond reigned, Local Authorities were under statutory compulsion to submit to him schemes which they knew he would not look at, for not even the most fanatical believer in private enterprise, and nothing but private enterprise, in housing will maintain that at any time in the last few years the occasion of building houses for the working classes had not arisen in practically every Local Authority area in the country.

When the penultimate Minister of Health had his fond gaze brought back from China and the East generally to the grim occidentalisms of families living in pigsties, or in conditions of such overcrowding that the children had to take turns to lie down at night to sleep, he said that there was nothing to prevent Local Authorities building as many houses as they wanted out of their own resources. That remark amused Whitehall; its humor was not apparent to local officials, who know both the house-famine and the impossibility of adding further burdens to the rates. It may be said that Whitehall knew the impossibility of further burdening the taxes—but that is another story. The point here is that Local Authorities have been since 1919, and still are, under obligation to do what Whitehall made it ridiculous to do.

The subsidy to private builders, if you will allow me to complete the correction, was not in place of the "extensive system of organized Socialism," but supplementary to it, and was designed to rope in to house-supply the small men who were not working on contracts for Local Authorities.—Yours, &c., W. MCG. EAGAR.

29, Trinity Square, S.E. 1.

"THE RETURN OF MYSTERY."

SIR,—The page by "H. M. T." in your last week's issue is more than usually exciting. My neighbors in the quiet room at this club looked enviously at me over the pages of "Punch" at my chuckling as I read what your contributor had written about modern science having restored mystery to the world, from which "H. M. T." suggests it was driven by certain old gentlemen of Victorian materialism. But why, oh why, does he spoil his point by suggesting that some really modern scientist of exact habits of mind should be installed at St. Paul's because "his views would be more in accord with Handel and Wren"?

Whether Handel and mystery are compatible I will not undertake to say; but to associate accuracy with a building which has a dome that tells architectural lies about itself, and whose foundations have given way so disastrously, is a little unfortunate. If the mysteries of modern science want a suitable home, surely a really honest Gothic cathedral is the place, and the friendly geniuses would be Donne and Traherne and Purcell of the century or so before Wren.—Yours, &c., (Rev.) J. DARBYSIRE.

Rectory Club, Manchester.

BIRTH CONTROL.

SIR,—It must be admitted that if the opponents of birth control wish to win intelligent support, they cannot do better than adopt "Critic's" line of reasoning, which steers the controversy clear of religion, although his objections to birth control might equally commend themselves to the most religious reader. I am prepared to admit the cogency of "Critic's" plea for subconscious needs and still insist upon the urgent necessity for family limitation in this and every other modern industrial community.

It seems to me that as between "the dangers to health in a psychic and nervous sense of this frustration of the subconscious mind," which are still questionable, and the certainty of semi-starvation for both parents and offspring among the majority of workers to-day who let Nature take its course, the former possible evil is decidedly less menacing than the latter inevitable one. "Critic's" contention that "children born third, fourth, and fifth in a marriage are generally the finest specimens" can apply only to properly nurtured families; in the case of the proletariat, by whose members I would fain see birth control consistently practised, the multiplication of children to-day generally means the multiplication of physical and mental degeneracy in the rising generation and disgusting domestic servitude for working-class mothers, with little to choose in the degree of imperfection between successive offspring.

Nor can I, for the life of me, understand why an increase of population, with consequent overcrowding, should be deemed a desirable end in itself, as "Critic" appears to imply. On the contrary, to my mind, one of the strongest arguments in favor of birth control is that it would reduce the population, while "Critic's" true remark that "the increase in population in England is solely due to the very large families which are still common in the poorest quarters" is surely an additional reason why the poorer classes should be instructed in birth control by those who seek their betterment, as the only immediately practical means of strengthening their position *vis-à-vis* capitalistic exploitation. For the vast majority to-day, every fresh child adds another link to the shackles holding them in economic slavery, in view of which any supposedly psychic benefits accruing from unrestricted procreation under healthy conditions must be wholly cancelled or neutralized.

I should have more respect for the Labor Party if it had not hitherto, in its eagerness for bourgeois conversions, and in deference to the "unctuous rectitude" still prevailing among its Nonconformist adherents, remained officially silent on this important subject.—Yours, &c.,

E. J. HARRISON.

Authors' Club.

March 11th, 1923.

Poetry.

THE POET'S HORSE.

COME, show the world your mettle now,
Come, come, my horse of wind and fire—
Your Master rides no more alone;
And say, when her young beauty's shown,
Her weight with mine increased your power.

Come from that silver manger, where
You eat the golden corn and hay,
To give her mount, who is my Bride;
Whose beauty makes her fit to ride
Bareback through Heaven, and twice a day!

W. H. DAVIES.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE week is proving uneventful so far as City markets are concerned. Among the exchanges no striking movements have taken place, and German marks have retained last week's improvement. In the Stock Markets activity is on only a moderate scale, but there have been no signs of weakness. Gilt-edged stocks continue to show a firm front, and in a considerable variety of markets speculative favorites are still in good demand. On Tuesday next the annual elections to the Stock Exchange Committee take place.

The February trade returns are fair, and evidence of the activity in the coal and iron and steel industries continues. Steel production last month exceeded the 1913 level. But, on the whole, there is a general impression among those qualified to judge that the Ruhr affair is slowly beginning to put the brake on the general trade progress, which was gathering pace in December and January. It may, perhaps, be expected that slight trade improvement will continue, accompanied by a modest rise in prices, and a small reduction in unemployment. But, so far as the investor is concerned, there is little probability of a trade movement that would place any particular strain on the monetary position, while, on the other hand, the series of company reports appearing are showing how in many branches of industry the leading concerns have weathered the storm of the big slump and have begun to experience better times. Hence comes the very wide distribution of public interest in the stock markets, which serves to spread a moderate volume of business over a large number of sections. Unfortunately, one thing that has to be remembered is that in the Ruhr there is very dangerous gunpowder which sparks may explode, and sparks, as has been seen at Buer this week, are beginning to fly.

THE ESTIMATES AND THE BUDGET.

Since the loose talk about "another shilling off the Income Tax" still seems to be popular in some quarters, I suppose I shall incur the sour looks of my readers when I say that a review of the estimates now published and the prospects of revenue for next year make such a boon extremely unlikely. Defence and Civil Service estimates total £436 millions, and a Budget of a round figure of £800 millions is made up by the addition of Consolidated Fund Services (including a provision for statutory sinking funds). Incidentally, this £800 millions is the figure that Mr. Bonar Law used when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he produced hypothetical figures for a "normal year." It would require an optimist to estimate revenue for next year on the existing basis of taxation at much more than £815 millions, so that taxpayers should realize that, now that so many cards are on the table, the time has come when their expectations should be moderated. I do not say the Budget will give no tax relief. Probably it will give just a little (though in what direction I am not foolish enough to prophesy); for all Governments are human enough, especially after concentrated electoral rebuffs, to do something in the Budget to make somebody happier. Besides, even if the Chancellor can only see in front of him a bare Budget balance, he can still find funds quite easily for small tax remission, because there is nothing simpler than by juggling accountancy to hold back some of this year's surplus and bring it in as next year's revenue. The temptation to play this game to some extent will be unusually strong this year. But the Chancellor's recent speeches on the subject of "debt reduction or lower taxes" show him to be made of sterner stuff than his predecessor, and I do not expect him to pursue any course that is not to the liking of austere financial purists. A penny off beer, or something off sugar, and the repeal of the Corporation Profits tax? Would that be too much to expect? Probably it would, especially the beer reduction. But something may depend on the view taken by the Cabinet of political expediency. Sir Eric Geddes, now President of the Federation of British Industries, has

launched the usual pre-Budget crusade for lower taxes, but it is, for the most part, a forlorn hope. With three more weeks' figures to come in the surplus of revenue over expenditure for the current year is £102 millions. The last three weeks often upset calculations, but a £60 millions or £70 millions surplus seems likely.

ELECTRICITY SHARES AND PROFITS.

Investors who bought shares in London electricity supply companies a year or more ago, when I was drawing attention to the better outlook for the companies, have good reason to be satisfied with their experience. The list which I give below shows that ten companies increased their aggregate net profits from £1,131,000 in 1921 to £1,700,000 in 1922, dividends have been raised in almost every case, and the rise in share prices over the past twelve months is striking:—

Name of Company and Amount of Share.	Net Profits after Payment of Interest.		Dividends on Ordinary Shares.		Prices of Ord. Shares.		Pre- sent Yield.
	1921. £	1922. £	1921. %	1922. %	End Feb., 1922.	13, Mar. 1923.	
Charing Cross, &c., City (£5)	63,389	136,218	—	—	3*	4 3-16*	5½
Do. West End (£5)... ..	82,587	128,319	9	14†	5½	10½	6 13-16
City of London (£1)	205,984	284,286	14	15	1½	2 11-32	6½
County of London (£1)	277,817	457,684	8	10	9½	1 23-32	5 13-16
Kensington & Knights- bridge (£5)	18,147	26,199	10	12	5½	9	6½
London Electric (£3)	72,236	110,124	4	10	1 5-16	4½x	7
Metropolitan (£5)	181,114	225,276	7	8½	4½	6½x	6 7-16
South Metropolitan (£1)	84,562	122,095	10	10	—	1 9-16x	6½
St. James's, &c. (£5)	48,105	77,635	12	14½	7½	10½	7½
Westminster (£5)	97,442	132,716	10	12	6½	8½x	6 15-16

* 4½% Cum. Pref.

† Free of Income Tax.

‡ £10 Shares.

I see no reason why these companies should not continue to enjoy a good degree of prosperity, and from the above list sound investment holdings to yield 7 per cent., or thereabouts, can be purchased. But, of course, those who buy to-day must not look for much in the way of capital appreciation, for they are buying on the top of a long and substantial advance.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND INVESTMENT APPRECIATION.

The very interesting speech of Mr. Walter Runciman at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Provident Institution has attracted wide interest in insurance circles. In the first place, he announced the institution of triennial, instead of the customary quinquennial, valuation and bonus declaration. But still more conducive of discussion were his remarks on investment policy. This Institution was obliged to pass its bonus in 1920 owing to the necessity for writing down investment holdings to slump market prices. It was, therefore, suggested in some quarters that advantage should be taken now to write up securities to to-day's greatly higher level of values and to distribute the profit so obtained to policy-holders. This course Mr. Runciman and his fellow-directors refuse to adopt, and, since even an excess of rigorous soundness in financial policy is a fault on the right side for insurance directors, one cannot quarrel with them, though it may be pointed out that some other insurance institutions of high repute follow the policy which Mr. Runciman condemns. Arising out of this speech, it may be pointed out that insurance companies differ very greatly in the matter of investment policy. There are, one might almost say, the "old" and the "new" policies, or, as Mr. Runciman might put it, the active and passive policies. Some of these concerns make it their business to watch the high-class investment markets with perpetual care, in order to take advantage of the general trend to change about their investments and score appreciation or avoid loss, for the benefit of their policy-holders. Others restrict their holdings to a much narrower circle of securities, and for the most part hold their securities for a long time.

Another interesting insurance meeting of the past week has been that of the Britannic Assurance Co., Ltd., where the chairman's review revealed satisfactory progress in a year that presented many difficulties.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



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The World of Books.

JOHN BURROUGHS's last book, "The Last Harvest" (Jonathan Cape), was obviously written in a hurry, and Death evicted him from the Green Mansions he chose as a home all his life before he could finish dressing it. So it goes out into the world in its shirt. Burroughs is a writer I have never been able to make up my mind about, possibly because he himself was half-a-dozen men. Sometimes he repels me. I hate a man who lyrically articulates his veneration for, say, the song of the Hermit Thrush—and then shoots it. One would so much rather he shot it and had done with it. Then again Burroughs shows a disability that most American naturalists or nature-philosophers or country writers seem to have in common—you can never get on personal terms with them. A writer like Hudson you read for his own sake; it does not matter much what he writes about. But with Burroughs and Beebe and Audubon and Thoreau and Emerson even, it matters a great deal. They are men of genius; they are sizeable men, and yet one avoids too close a contact with them.

It may be that I am a scion of an "overripe civilization," as Burroughs says of us; or that the Puritan stock of the Great Transatlantic Republic is still too green for us to get our teeth into it; or that there is something radically ungenial in the climate or the soil; or simply that there are no hedges in North America. If I were asked to give a general definition of what was wanting in the work of these five naturalists or gossamers of the wild—of what is wanting, in fact, in most American literature—I should say that there were no hedgerows in any of it; and if I were asked to explain my meaning, the only reply I could give would be that my questioner had none in him to ask me.

It is an odd thing that two infallible and elementary tests of that enormous bulk of literature and semi-literature which can be very cursorily summed up in the general term "nature-writing," including in it writers so diverse as Thoreau and Wordsworth and Evelyn and Hudson and Jefferies and Tennyson, and others, as many as the people in the Underground at six o'clock, never are applied to them in criticism. The tests, of course, are whether they who "go back to Nature" from the literary fold see with their two eyes as well as with their hearts and imaginations, and whether the pure naturalists ever see phenomena with that inward eye, that third or Pineal Eye of vision and spiritual insight which is the prerogative of literature and too often atrophied in them. For if the first class preaches a return to Nature without consulting the text, we shall properly be dubious of its good faith; and if the

second class spells out the letters in the text to such purpose that it loses the tenor and significance of the sentences, we shall properly be dubious of the quality of its understanding. And the virtue of Burroughs was to be free of these fundamental errors, and this is what gives force and truth to his criticism of Thoreau, who certainly was not free from one of them. And yet, though he had in him by virtue of this freedom the potentialities of a Darwin and a Wordsworth, he rarely succeeds in fusing the results into a positive unity, as Hudson, for instance—a writer, perhaps, on a somewhat smaller scale—did succeed in so doing. And therefore I conclude that Hudson, who was less of a philosopher than Burroughs, less of a thinker and speculator, was his superior not only as an artist, but as an interpreter of Nature.

THE essay on Thoreau is sound and penetrating, but it has curious lapses. He cannot properly understand Thoreau's "To work for money, or for subsistence alone, is life without principle. A man must work for the love of the work." It is easy to criticize that attitude. But what sort of a wet clay civilization is it we are bogged in that shakes its head over such a sentiment? Plainly, if nobody works for the love of the work, the life of men is a burden, unfit to continue, and immeasurably below the life of nature, which, brutish as it appears to many intellectual folk, does at least enjoy itself in all its manifold industries. Surely there is nothing more hateful to the spirit of life and injurious to the well-being of mankind than the miserable dogma that the work of human beings should be distasteful in order not to be play. Perish the Puritan Conscience that hatched it! If that be the true conception of work, then let us all play and let civilization go hang!

THE essay on Darwin is the best in the book. It rightly claims that Natural Selection, as a theory of the origin of variations and so ultimately of species, has almost ceased to exist. Burroughs's idea is that there is an innate tendency to development in the animate world, and that this, stimulated by changes in or pressure from its environment, is the first cause, the *Primum Mobile* of variations. "The needs of an organism," he says, "influence structure," and this is very near an adoption of Lamarckism, and in its turn of Samuel Butlerism. Chance itself is part of a complex organization of law, and Natural Selection never has played, and never could have played, any other rôle than that of the critic of variations. But Burroughs, more wisely and perceptively than other critics of Darwin, does not belittle the man in reducing the importance of one of his theories. "The best thing about Darwinism," he writes, "is Darwin—his candor, his patience, his simplicity, his devotion to truth, and his power of observation." Indeed, when one reads the life of Darwin and appreciates how little the superannuation of some of his theories has diminished the imponderable value of his services to mankind and not at all the fineness and nobility of his character, one realizes that he was indeed one of the greatest men who ever lived. Burroughs, too, achieved greatness, though it is rather patchy, and one feels admiration much more often than affection for the man as revealed in his work.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

THE TOMB OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Psychological Types; or, the Psychology of Individuation. By C. G. JUNG. Translated, with an Introduction, by H. G. BAYNES. (Kegan Paul. 25s.)

THE struggle between Freud and Jung is by now vaguely familiar to the educated world. It knows that the erstwhile colleagues have parted, as Nietzsche and Wagner parted many years ago; perhaps it has an inkling of why they parted. If it cares to know the substantial truth of the whole story, it will find it, by implication, throughout this lengthy book.

And it ought to care. Whatever may be the value finally set on Freud and Jung in themselves, their conflict has a very real symbolical significance. To understand it is to understand, from a new angle, the impasse of the modern consciousness and to gain a fresh vision of the problem which in one disguise or another confronts the man who is aware of himself and his age.

Freud and Jung began their work with the investigation of neuroses, maladies of the being which doubtless have existed for centuries, but which, if only for the frequency with which they are recognized, may rightly be called characteristically modern. People went melancholy mad, of course, long before neuroses were heard of. Many of the English poets of the eighteenth century—to take a single striking case—were either actually clapped in madhouses or on the brink of it. They were the extreme cases; the more moderate knew what they had to expect in those substantial times, and kept their disabilities to themselves. Nevertheless, the neurosis is a modern malady. Under a different name, and less openly, it affected the eighteenth no less than the nineteenth century. But the eighteenth century also is modern. So is the seventeenth, at the beginning of which we clearly see John Ford, "deep in dump with a melancholy hat." And heaven alone knows what John Webster looked like. Prince Hamlet was surely nothing compared to him.

Neuroses—to risk a great generalization which may not be so fantastic as it appears—belong to the world that followed the Renaissance, the modern world in the largest and most significant sense of the term. From the moment the individual began to assert himself against the theocratic scheme of things, neuroses lay in wait for him. Not so much because the more enlightened spirits began to bear the burden of their individual destinies alone—though this isolation of the individual counted for much—as because in the old scheme of things there was a place for neuroses. The medieval neurotic may have been abnormal, but he was legitimate. The broad bosom of the Universal Church had room for him. The nervous affliction of the body was the mark of the finger of God; the neurotic in mind was a visionary, a seer, a chosen servant of the Divine.

But since that time, since the day when the Renaissance broke the dam of the great reservoir and left Western humanity to flood out and find its own level, the neurotics had no home. In the eighteenth century they were isolated and persecuted; though practically the whole of the literary achievement of the century was their work. In the nineteenth they began to organize themselves. For their own protection they invented the conception of "Art." In other words, they made a religion for themselves, having learnt at last that the threadbare caricature of the old religion had no room for them; it had no room for them because it had degenerated into a mere projection of the average man's desire to insure himself against discomfort from his consciences now and the possibility of discomfort from the hands of God hereafter.

Of course, not all neurotics were artists. But the artist is the neurotic with the added gift of expression; he is the neurotic who impresses himself on the memory of mankind; and he may fairly be regarded as the memorable type of his great kind. But why verge on the Nordauesque and call him neurotic? Simply because he is. Neurosis is maladjustment to the social demand. The artist is that neurotic who has the fortunate privilege of being able to satisfy his maladjustment by an unpractical and ideal creation; the rest of them are not so lucky. But is there not a social

demand for the work of the artist? There is also a social demand for *cul-de-jattes*, sword-swallowers, one-eyed men who will put their heads in tigers' mouths, and other curiosities. Humanity gets sick of its own deadly average, and sometimes needs something other than the biggest thing on earth to gape at. It, too, has a thwarted craving for the mysterious and uncircumscribed; it loves to be safe, but it likes to fear; it glues its nose to the grindstone, but it still dreams dreams. Some of its dreams are high and noble, some of its discontents divine. It gets the artist to appease them. But not even in the rare case when it conceives an admiration for him does it wish to be as he. He is a freak who comes in handy, like the white-eyed kaffir.

"Adjust or be damned" is the unspoken sentiment of the modern world. And simply because the compulsion is become so tremendous, gathering force as it goes, the cries of the maladjusted, who have no Art to work their freedom in or religion to give them rest, begin to echo and re-echo through modern society. And Freud and Jung, who went to the work as doctors, in attacking neuroses, attacked a central point. They did not know what they were up against. One thinks of them as a couple of decent men who smelt a strange smell. One of them went along with a box of matches; the other with an electric torch. And there, issuing out of a very small manhole, was the sizzle and smell of a most unpleasant gas. The man with the matches prized up the lid. Then he struck a match. He was blown into kingdom come. That was Herr Doktor Freud. Herr Doktor Jung, with the torch, has emerged into daylight with a very green face to tell the trembling story.

Herr Doktor Freud's last audible word was "Sex"; Herr Doktor Jung stammers "Lib-libido." But what "Lib-libido" is, Herr Doktor Jung is frightened to say. He has a queer notion that it is—well, everything. Life itself, the *primum mobile*.

And the real question is: What is to be done about it? The gas is escaping still. That small explosion was merely anticipatory, as it were a parlor demonstration of its high inflammability. A more satisfactory one to this generation avid of biggest things on earth was the Crystal Palace display of the War. A twittering ghost of Herr Doktor Freud experiments with unlucky patients and changes their neuroses into much more uncomfortable ones. Herr Doktor Jung murmurs that he must make the individual an individual. Each neurotic, he whispers, is unique, and contains the potentialities of a unique being. He is unique already, Herr Doktor; the question is: How can he become a being? And the Herr Doktor rolls a vague and pansynoptic eye over the history of the human spirit, waves a feeble hand towards the East, repeats his special abracadabra "Extrointroextrointrovertate" eleven times, and subsides into his professorial chair. Six-hundred-and-forty mortal pages to tell us that it's all wrong, and not a word of how to put it right. One wonders with what he keeps himself going.

Poor Herr Doktor! It is a tragedy. Not the less for being ours as well as yours. You are an able man; and it must be a grim sort of joke for you to have your English translator enthusiastically expounding the triumphant merit of your "crowning work," when you know it is your declaration of bankruptcy. But you should have read Dostoevsky, you know, instead of wasting your time, patriotically but absurdly, on Herr Spitteler, who was given the Nobel Prize in preference to Thomas Hardy. If you had read "The Brothers Karamazov" you need not have wasted all these years. You would have found your old Libido in the Father, its modern perversions in Ivan and Dmitri and Smerdiakov, and the miracle in Alyosha. You could have spent these years in thinking how the miracle might be produced, instead of ending them with a bewildered realization that a miracle is necessary and that you are not Almighty God to perform it. It was a pity you stopped at Nietzsche.

Under the great tome "Psychological Types" Jung has buried psycho-analysis. It is an adequate tombstone. Nothing will be able to lift it. Even I am competent to carve the epitaph upon it: "Here lies Psycho-Analysis, which may have helped a few to be conscious of their problem, but which helped nobody to solve it."

But it is a little ironical that the neurotics should know so much more than their doctors.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

ROME AND THE ANGLICANS.

Anglican Essays. Edited by W. L. PAIGE COX. (Macmillan, 12s.)

ANGLICANISM as a religious creed has hardly been seriously challenged upon intellectual grounds in the years since the Oxford Movement. The note of defiance has come, for the most part, from men who have disliked the connection with the State; and the introduction of Roman doctrine and ritual has been the result of sentiment rather than of thought. That has been true, moreover, of the main body of conversions; no one, for example, can take Father Knox's spiritual autobiography as a rational explanation of his change of creed. It is a brilliant picture of a wayward soul finding comfort in the authority of dogma; but more striking even than the comfort is the limited intellectual survey of his data. Father Knox found it necessary to make. Still, the body of conversions has been respectable in number; and there remain within the Anglican Church many who look upon Rome as the fount of authority. To them the Reformation is still a cardinal error, and the connection with the State is abhorred and refused.

It is against that section of the Church of England that this volume is directed. The essays are of very unequal value. That by the Rev. R. H. Murray is, as we should expect from the author of "Erasmus and Luther," a judicious and learned defence of the Reformation. Mr. G. G. Coulton, as always, is the Quixotic knight-errant, eager to challenge all comers from Rome to the combat; and, right as he usually is, one can only suggest that a less sensitive temper would have done more to convince his doubtful readers. None of the remaining essays is very important. That by Dr. Raven, indeed, is interesting in its urgent sense that Anglicanism involves a social theory; though it cannot be said that Dr. Raven is very certain either about the substance of the theory or the methods the Church should use to secure its acceptance from her adherents. Dr. D'Arcy's discussion of Christian liberty does not really take us much further than the assertion that we need a freedom which does not degenerate into licence, and that this can be found in the Divine Logos. The essays on liturgical problems like the place of the Virgin Mary in the worship of the Church are not uninteresting as points against Rome; but none of the writers seems to grasp the significance of his own point of view in a critical light. There is wide reading in the essays; but there is none of that fundamental learning which was once the glory of the Church of England.

The main substance of the book is, in fact, in the first three essays; and the point of view they urge is one with which it is impossible not to sympathize. It is the case for the Church of England as a *via media* that they are pleading; and the arguments they use against Rome are the arguments that have been made classical by men like Dollinger and Tyrrell and, within the Roman communion, Lord Acton. In the main, though only Dr. Murray and Mr. Coulton emphasize this point adequately, it is an argument against the character of government in the Roman Church. That government is, as Luther would have said, incompatible with the liberty of a Christian man. In effect, and to put aside the subtleties of Newman, it substitutes the Papal conscience for the conscience of the individual believer; it substitutes dubious, and often modern, formulae for the simplicity of the primitive Church. It compels adherence to dogmas—the Immaculate nature of the Virgin, for example—for which no adequate historic proof can be supplied. It enlists on its behalf weapons that are unworthy of a great Church. It is blind to the results of critical scholarship, and deaf to the appeals, as in the case of Tyrrell, of human freedom. It builds upon superstition; it sacrifices to a false unity the natural effort of the mind to discover its own foundations. The result, as Mr. Coulton quite fairly argues, can be seen in comparing the intellectual effort of Spain and Italy with that of Protestant countries.

All this is, in large part, fair controversy; though it should be added that it is unlikely to convince a single Roman Catholic. But Anglicanism is not likely to adapt itself to the needs of modern England merely by demonstrating the dubious character of Mariolatry or the superiority of the Communion to the Mass. The test, after all, is the degree to which its exponents can translate the substance of Christ's teaching into the lives of men professedly admitting their

allegiance to it. The worth of a religion is its effect upon the quality of men's acts. Even if we agreed with Dr. D'Arcy that the theory of Christian liberty might solve the problems of this world, the real point is how he proposes to make it applicable. Wilberforce solved it by ignoring all the social problems of his day and urging men to think only of the eternal life. That is a way of escape; but it is, quite frankly, the death of the Church. Dr. Raven, as we know from an earlier book, finds the answer in Christian Socialism. But what does he propose to do if the majority of Churchmen continue to separate their life and their religion? How does he propose to moralize the business adventure? Has Mr. Coulton examined, with his fine and critical spirit, the foundations of Anglican dogma as he has examined the foundations of Catholic? Has Dr. Thorpe examined the Non-conformist case against episcopacy as carefully as the Anglican case against the cult of the Virgin? What one wants from the essayists is a statement of their own positive belief, not a negative attack upon positions now held by no one with pretensions to scholarship. And it is by the statement of their own belief only that the essayists can be usefully judged.

OLD OR NEW DIPLOMACY.

Old Diplomacy and New, 1876-1922. By A. L. KENNEDY. (Murray, 18s.)

THE merits of Mr. Kennedy's book are very much upon the surface, but they are not upon that account to be underestimated. To write a book upon the diplomacy of the last fifty years, dealing with the methods and achievements of Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey, and Mr. George, packing its four hundred pages tight with facts, comments, and generalizations, and at the same time to keep the book readable and interesting both for the ignorant and the expert, is no mean performance. It is, however, a pity that one has to qualify this praise with a long series of "buts."

The book, as a whole, is an unfortunate example of the evil effect which journalism has upon the art of book-writing. To write upon diplomacy, old and new, in jerks and splashes, without ever making it clear either to yourself or your reader what the real differences are between the old and the new diplomacy, is perfectly legitimate in two newspaper columns of one thousand words each—ephemerides which began their short life by distracting our attention at the breakfast table and in the suburban train, and end it so often as a wrapper for fried fish; but the first duty of a man who sits down to write four hundred pages, which, when bound into a cover, are, as Mr. Max Beerbohm once discovered, practically indestructible, is to make up his mind quite clearly as to the meaning which he attaches to the title of his book. To do that conscientiously requires, as a rule, a considerable amount of tedious and painful thought, which may spoil the ephemeral color and sparkle of one's pages, but will add to their solidity. Mr. Kennedy does not give us any evidence that he has submitted himself or his book to the discipline of this kind of thought. In the end, therefore, he leaves us in a fog, without any clear idea of what he considers to be the real differences between the old diplomacy and the new, or whether, indeed, there are any real differences. He seems to imply throughout the book that there is some fundamental distinction between, say, the practice of diplomacy during the last four years and its practice during the ascendancy of Bismarck. There may be such a distinction, but Mr. Kennedy's book does not reveal what it is. It is not "diplomacy by conference," for this was in existence long before Bismarck was born. At one moment Mr. Kennedy seems to mean that the characteristic which distinguishes the new from the old diplomacy is publicity. But is it? What difference in kind is there, for instance, between Mr. George's use of publicity and the Press, of which Mr. Kennedy makes so much, and that of Bismarck? Mr. George never used the Press and publicity in order to "democratize foreign policy," or to establish democratic control, or to obtain "open covenants openly arrived at," but treated them simply as instruments of policy and

propaganda; and in this respect the German Foreign Office of Bismarck's time would have had little or nothing to learn from him.

The truth is that Mr. Kennedy has been misled by the public professions of modern statesmen to read into their acts the promises contained in their orations. It is quite untrue that diplomacy has been any more open since the war than before it. Take, for instance, the Washington Conference, which, according to Mr. Kennedy, "was a triumph of the new diplomacy," and was "carried on with great frankness and publicity." This is an extraordinarily superficial view of the negotiations which dragged on for so many weeks at Washington. If Mr. Kennedy will study the carefully documented books of Mr. Buell and Mr. Willoughby, he will find that the methods of Washington were not essentially different from those of Versailles in 1919, or of Berlin in 1878, and that there is some reason for saying that the Conference was a triumph, not for the new diplomacy, but for Japan.

As we said above, the defects of this book should not lead one to underestimate its merits. Nevertheless, it cannot be recommended to the ignorant, unless it is read with considerable caution, if not scepticism. Mr. Kennedy gives his own point of view, and frequently omits to explain to the reader that there is another and a very different point of view. This is particularly evident in his treatment of the Morocco agreements and the whole of the pre-war Entente policy. In small points, too, his bias occasionally leads him to make misstatements. This is most noticeable in his attitude towards the Russian Government. The statement on page 306 that "the Prinkipo proposal was flouted by the Bolsheviks" is misleading, to say the least; so, too, are the statement on page 320 with regard to Krassin and "a Jew by name Rothstein," and the statement on page 334 that the Labor leaders of the "Council of Action" "were under the direct influence of the Soviet representatives in England."

THE AGE OF LIGHT AND AIR.

English Decoration and Furniture of the Later Eighteenth Century, 1760-1820. By M. JOURDAIN. Illustrated. (Batsford. £3 3s.)

THIS book has acquired a rather mournful topical interest to Londoners, dealing, as it does, with the period of the building of the Adelphi, that threatened London landmark. Indeed, the brothers Adam stand, in the public mind, as sponsors for the architectural design of the whole of this school, just as the names of Chippendale and Hepplewhite have, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up much of the work of their rivals and contemporaries.

The period covered by Miss Jourdain in this book is one in which architecture, furniture, decoration, letters, and manners reflected each other in an almost perfect harmony. A piece of fine eighteenth-century prose, and such a little gem of architecture as the sitting-room by Henry Holland (Fig. 17), or a hall like that in Fig. 28, conform so obviously to the same laws, and touch so directly the same emotions in us, that their kinship must be clear to all. The clean curves, the deliberate and balanced proportion, the restraint and the insistence on structural lines and masses, with the absence of the color, energy, and exuberance of earlier periods, are common to all these arts alike. It is a beautiful convention, if a little lifeless and inhuman, and it may be its very remoteness that has kept it still so suitable and unconflicting a setting for our modern activities. Any one who has lived in a Tudor or Stuart house must have felt at times that its atmosphere was in some way hostile to its occupants; that it was made for another kind of life and other temperaments than ours. But Georgian architecture remains withdrawn and perfect-mannered; a beautiful and spacious background, suited as well to the dignified town house or the office as to the country dwelling, large or small.

It is difficult, where all is so successful, to pick out examples for praise, but for personal preference the Staircase Hall by Robert Adam (Fig. 51), the Dining-room by Henry Holland (Fig. 32), and the two mentioned above, are the most charming of the architectural specimens in the book. Among the furniture and the accessories are some very fine

pieces, especially an unusual book-cabinet (Fig. 396) and a sofa in the Grecian style (Fig. 345). Of the decorative paintings, the smaller subjects are the more pleasing, and one cannot but agree with Adam in disliking large paintings covering an entire ceiling. Horace Walpole's amusing comment on Chatsworth is quoted in this relation: it was most sumptuous, "but it did not please: the heathen gods, goddesses, Christian virtues, and allegorical gentlefolks are crowded into every room as if Mrs Holman had been in heaven and invited everybody she saw." Hardly a setting for quiet, ordered thought. And the growing restraint in such matters was in keeping with the general taste.

Miss Jourdain is thoroughly at home with her subject, and has dealt with it simply and interestingly, and her plates are excellent and well chosen. One is left wondering whether the historian of the next century will be able, out of the hotch-potch of our current styles, to select anything equally representative of this present period.

BENGALI FICTION.

Srikanta. By SARATCHANDRA CHATTERJI. Translated by K. C. SEN and THEODOSIA THOMPSON. With an Introduction by E. J. THOMPSON. (Milford. 3s. 6d.)

Tales of Bengal. By SITA and SANTA CHATTERJEE. With an Introduction by E. J. THOMPSON. (Milford. 3s. 6d.)

THE novel is a relatively new thing in Bengal, where the demand for fiction is considerable and reputations may be made in a day. Very few of these new writers, however, are original, or even individual. Rabindranath Tagore, who is a novelist as well as a poet, is, of course, the brilliant exception. Rabindranath in his youth was a disciple of Bankimchandra Chatterji, the first great Bengali novelist, and, according to the literary pedigree outlined by Mr. Thompson in his introduction to "Srikanta," Saratchandra Chatterji is the third in direct literary descent. Those who know Rabindranath only by his poetry will have to take this on trust, for there is little trace of Sarat Babu's debt to the Nobel laureate in "Srikanta." Nor is there much evidence of Western derivation, save in the machinery. This volume is the first of three parts; the others have been published, but await translation. "Srikanta" is a disjointed, episodic, autobiographical narrative of the romantic rather than the realistic school. Reminiscences of youth are strung together, embroidered, and idealized with a great deal of poetry and imagination. We could name half a dozen modern authors, English and French, from the four quarters of the literary compass, who might have inspired the author's choice of incident and his method of selecting and exploiting disconnected experience, but he owes nothing to them beyond this. The spirit and philosophy of "Srikanta" are happily native. That is a word which is illogically resented by the Indian student, though there is hope that in the literary, as in every other connection, it may come to be regarded as appreciative.

Any hybrid taint in an Indian novel must destroy its interest and worth. On the other hand, the Indian novelist who is not in revolt against his social system is negligible. Yet the rebel must not be a palpable propagandist. Here are three pitfalls, and the Hindu writer who has the instinct or prudence to avoid all of them is generally worth translating. Saratchandra Chatterji satisfies the test. His inspiration is not of the West, and though he is an unsparing critic of Hindu society, his propaganda is duly subordinated. He has little to learn in this respect from our *roman à thèse*. And the English reader, who, after all, turns to him in the hope of a partial initiation into the mysterious, fenced, inhibitory province of tradition that makes life a sacrifice for nearly every Bengali woman, is glad of his occasional lapses. The caste inhibition, the barter of women, the monstrous dowry system, child marriage, the living death of the young widow, are such familiar spectres on the threshold of life that the Hindu novelist need not go outside his own family for the material of tragedy. Nor for heroism. The Bengali social system is a stern school for devotion and piety. One meets otherwise enlightened Hindus who still uphold the discipline of caste. In the caste system, says one, our society offers the world a solution of a great social problem that has so far

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been found insoluble outside our own country. Sarat Babu has no patience with these disciplinary reactionaries. Is mere survival, he asks—the preserving intact of a race or system from generation to generation, whatever the cost—the noblest ideal of life? Many semi-barbarous tribes, Polynesians and others, have perpetuated themselves in the same way, but nobody would dream of arguing on that account that their social system has any virtue in it, or is worth preserving.

Sarat Babu pummels the idol of caste, that *diabolus ex machina* in Hindu life, which appears on the stage at every crisis to the paralysis of humane and natural impulses. Among its victims in "Srikanta" are two Bengali girls of ten and eleven, married to a Tewari in Behar because no bridegroom of the orthodox sect could be found near their home. One hanged herself. "She used to cry night and day to go back to Rajpur," her sister told Srikanta; "she neither ate nor slept. To punish her they kept her standing day and night by tying her hair to a beam in the ceiling—so she hanged herself." "Do these people beat you?" Srikanta asked the sister. "'Don't they? Look at this!'" Sobbing convulsively, she showed me welts on her arms, her back, and her cheeks. "I shall kill myself, like my sister."

The cruelty underlying the marriage system is the abstract theme of most Bengali fiction. In each of the six "Tales of Bengal," by the Chatterjee sisters, the heroine is its victim in one way or another. One's image of happiness in a Hindu bride is of a flower with a stalk as fragile as the wood sorrel. The irrational thing is that the victims must in their turn become the sacrificers. The horrid rites are repeated by the parents, who, but for their obedience to this Moloch tradition, would appear pious, tender, and devoted in no ordinary degree. The Bengali satirist does not spare the reformers who dare not live up to their convictions. "The Letter," by Sita Devi, is the story of a youth who wrote books about the remarriage of Hindu widows, but had not the courage to marry one of them. Sita and Santa Chatterjee are young writers of great promise. Their first published novel appeared in 1918. This slim volume of stories, the first of Mr. Humphrey Milford's "Eastern Series," will please and interest the Western reader more than Sarat Babu's work. In the first story, "The Happy Bride," one discovers in Santa Devi the ease, spontaneity, and humor of our own practised lady novelists. There is a delicate bite of irony in it, and the pathos is unforced. Tarasundari might have sat for Chaucer or Miss Katherine Mansfield, an ancient, universal type, yet convincingly individual. The scene is in a railway carriage between Burdwan and Calcutta. The test of the story is that every individual in this group of Bengali women, however outlandish they may appear in their several ways, is as clear and distinct to the English reader as if she were one of his own countrywomen. Tarasundari interests herself in the affairs of each in turn. She changes the name of the ugly bride; no modern young man would marry a girl with a name like Kalidasa; she instructs the mother how to make her daughter presentable. An ornament is recommended to conceal "that racecourse of a forehead." And the hair. "Holy Durga! Is that the way to treat human hair?" "As she is, she is none too charming." And the complexion. Four piceworth of pink powder is prescribed. "And one thing more, present the girl to them just after sunset and in candlelight." Here the conversation turns to the make-up of brides and deceptions practised on the bridegroom's family. There was the case of Kanak, on whose face the paint would not stick till all the ceremonies were over. Tarasundari had to sell all her ornaments and give them two thousand rupees in cash before the uproar could be stopped. "And didn't they make it miserable for my poor girl!" "What if the girl is made to suffer?" observed the ugly bride's mother. "Aren't women born to suffer? And, you know, time heals all wounds. If I only can shake her off my shoulders for the present I shall be quite content."

The single conventional step in the march of the story is the *dénouement*. The ugly bride is, of course, palmed off in the end on Tarasundari's own son. "Holy mother!" she cried. "It is that broomstick of a girl, that black owl we met in the train. Ah, my fate! I try to do other people good, and see the result! It is like being stabbed with one's

own knife. What a shame, what a shame! In this age there is nothing called dharma."

That quarter of an hour with Tarasundari and the ugly bride in the third-class carriage is worth a score of heavily-doctored romances. There is no other story of the same *genre* in the volume; nor any other that we know of that brings us into such close contact with Hindu life. If Santa Devi preserves this light and delicate touch, Bengali literature will be the richer for it. We are given only three stories by which to judge her talent. The other two, "Loyalty" and "The Cake Festival," leave us in doubt, and a little apprehensive of shadow. The sadness in both is unrelieved, and our sympathies are dormant. "Loyalty" is a painful, unnatural tale, with a taint of protest running through it. We are never made to believe in the beautiful outcast. And in "The Cake Festival" Surama is a trifle shadowy. But the ugly, ridiculous bride, who, by the way, has not two words to say for herself, will continue to haunt us. It will be of her that we shall think, and not of Sarat Babu's tormented, self-effacing heroines, Annada Didi, Rajlakshmi, and the like, when we are reminded that in India "it is only to the greatest sinners that daughters are born."

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Books in Brief.

The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia. By THOMAS LVELL. (Philpot 7s. 6d.)

WHETHER one agrees with its conclusions or not, this is a book of extraordinary value at the present time, for it is written by one who has quite unusual knowledge of the subject. Mr. Lyell has lived long in Mesopotamia, has travelled far, has sat as judge for a year in Bagdad, and has acquired an intimate knowledge of the people's language and mind. He tells us here of Holy Cities whose very names are unknown to most people, even among those who take interest in the Middle East. He tells us of the strange laws and customs of a people about as different from ourselves as human beings can be. And he shows clearly the influences that have brought ruin and perpetual disorder upon a country once so fertile and dignified. So far as the promised "self-determination" for the Arab tribes is concerned, he has no hope for about a century to come. The general avarice, the corruption, and the savage hostility prevailing among the tribes appear to render the idea an absurdity. But, if we may take his evidence as conclusive, the greatest absurdity of all is the attempt to keep our nominee, Feisal, upon a throne which does not exist, as king over a kingdom in which he can possess no power. There are many reasons why our attempt is absurd, but a sufficient reason is that Feisal is a Sunni and nearly all his supposed subjects are Shia', who detest the Sunni even more than they detest Christians and other "Kafirs." Mr. Lyell's picture of "the noble Arab" is not flattering, though he admits a few admirable qualities. As to the future, he is an out-and-out advocate (or should we say an in-and-in advocate?) of our remaining in the country as the only insurance against general massacre, probably followed by a Bolshevik domination, destructive of all commerce, and threatening our position in the East. He considers that withdrawal from all but Basrah would be as ruinous as total evacuation, and the only hope he can at present see is the firm establishment of a British Protectorate for about a century, during which the great agricultural resources of the country could be developed, even with profit upon our outlay, which has already been so great.

The Happy Wanderer: being some of the Writings of the late Charles Godfrey Turner. Edited by ETHEL M. RICHARDSON RICE. (Liverpool: Literary Year-Book Press. 10s. 6d.)

Nor many even of those closely in touch with modern literature heard of Charles Turner's death in January, 1922, but the copious choice of his essays now published forms strong evidence that in him we lost a real writer. Turner was

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a New Zealander, a man who had seen life in its more unusual phases in many places, and who himself was more than an observer in the drama; he was also a writer of vivid individual gifts. His papers in general may no doubt be styled "journalism"; they are in a sense a correspondence, not gravely meditated, not necessarily well proportioned and continuous, nor pruned and revised for readers of a later day. But they are full of affection, humor, and poetical conception. A true wanderer not only meets much, but sheds light on whatever he meets; and so with Turner. During his career in camp in England, he wrote perhaps the most perceptive and revealing of his essays. He stayed to the last in the huts in Wiltshire, and summed up the inhabitants ("No bricks have been thrown at us!") as well as his companions in khaki. For this witty wanderer, it seems, the much-worn paths of England offered a greater mysterious allurements even than the wildest pathless places in the world. "It is only in the older lands," he writes, "one has any idea of eternity." We can but wish he had had time to write more at length of what he discerned so finely.

Fan's People: the Lure of Little Beasts. By the Hon. GILBERT COLERIDGE. (Fisher Unwin. 9s.)

MR. COLERIDGE is in a peculiar position as a writer who enjoys and imparts "the life and conversation of animals," in Gilbert White's words. He is no zoologist, and can hardly be called a field-naturalist. He makes, for instance, the rather elementary mistake of calling the gulls in Kensington Gardens "herring gulls"; he tells us that herons cannot swim because they have no webs to their feet (neither have curlew, which swim on their heads, so to speak, and well out to sea), and his thought-provoking, naturalistic speculations are occasionally rather dubious. In his chapter on "Telepathy" he adopts a suggestion that deer take alarm at a man with a gun where they would be unconcerned if he had a walking-stick, because of the emotional excitement thrown out in a wave, and warning impression ahead of him, by the hunting man. What a libel upon the powers of titillation of the man with a field-glass! The more valuable portions of the book relate the author's personal contacts with various animals: a wolf whom he vindicates from the traditional prejudice against him, a robin with whom he was on close terms of friendship, various cats and dogs and horses, and an ambitious and valiant-spirited mouse. These tales are not only delightful in themselves and indicate an unusual affinity between animals and the author, but they are told as well as they could be, in a very gracious, happy, and scholarly style, and from the treasury of a reflective and well-stored mind.

The Letters of Horace Howard Furness. Edited by HORACE FURNESS JAYNE. Two vols. (Constable. 40s.)

THE elder Furness spent fifty years of his long life upon the Variorum Shakespeare which will perpetuate his memory, and genial and able as his general correspondence is, and well sown with references to celebrities of the nineteenth century, the main theme of the volumes now edited by his grandson must be for posterity that great undertaking. About 1860 the first step was taken. "I made," says Furness, "a mighty variorum 'Hamlet,' cutting out the notes of five or six editions besides the Variorum of 1821, and pasting them on a page with a little rivulet of text. 'Twas a ponderous book of quarto size and eight or nine inches thick. . . . But the work revealed to me that it was high time to begin a new Variorum, that we might start afresh. We were constantly threshing old straw." Ten years later appeared the prospectus of "Romeo and Juliet." The proposed use of the text of the Cambridge editors aroused some bitterness, and controversy between Furness and W. Aldis Wright variegated the pages of the "Athenæum." Out of this dispute grew a great friendship, and almost the last letter in the collection shows Furness addressing Wright as "You dear, blessed, darling old boy," and as still the astonishing worker who had published so massive a labor of criticism. "I am making," the old man wrote, "as a Memorial of my daughter, a collection of Horaces, and have already about 250 editions, beginning with one in 1482, and another in 1492. . . . I have 'pegged away' at 'Cymbeline' and about finished it—the printer shall have it in a few weeks, possibly."

Fame's Twilight. By K. N. COLVILLE. (P. Allan. 10s. 6d.)

THE names upon whom Mr. Colville's easy English sheds its kindly glow are John Gower, Sir Thomas North, John Lyly, Lancelot Andrewes, John Barclay, Abraham Cowley, Sir John Vanbrugh, John Gay, and George MacDonald. It is the author's belief that the lesser classics stand in need, from time to time, of new study; a sound belief, since, without such retrospective vigilance, excellent work which was ignored by contemporaries, or over-praised and therefore subjected presently to under-estimate, would lie in continued injustice. It is not, of course, a very great injustice that has been done by posterity to the nine writers mentioned; but what Mr. Colville writes upon them is fresh and warm-hearted, the second epithet not applying to all literary students who touch on the minor writers. As to Gay, perhaps he would have better figured in a work called "Fame's Limelight." But when we think, for instance, that T. H. Ward, forty years ago, could, in his important work on English Poetry, dismiss Cowley's verse as "unread and unreadable," it is a good thing that Mr. Colville should come forward in the opposite opinion: and in him we have a very candid and discriminating *laudator*, and one who says many good things of critical value as if by the way.

The Girdle of Venus: a Play in Four Acts. By L. F. SALZMAN. (Cambridge: Heffer. 2s. 6d.)

MR. SALZMAN's play is a drama of action without grandiose pretensions. It would appeal to any audience that was content with an exciting plot, picturesque historical coloring, and a flavor of astrology and magic to raise a rather sordid tale of poisoning out of the commonplace. The author, in a modest Preface, claims that "some effort has been made to catch the atmosphere of the Renaissance," and certainly the Borgia Pope, his nephew Cesare, and his train of pagan Cardinals stalk through the scenes with sufficiently impressive cynicism—though Mr. Frederick Rolfe would doubtless demur to the accuracy of the portraiture. We only feel that it is a sort of *lese-majesté* in a play of this type for anyone to get home with his poison before the Pope has even started. Four designs for stage-settings, by Mr. George Kruger, add something to the charm of the book.

From the Publishers' Table.

IT is said that only twenty-three copies of the original "Songs of Innocence and of Experience" are now known. Such rarity has suggested to Messrs. Henry Young & Sons, 12, South Castle Street, Liverpool, an uncommon enterprise. They have prepared a new edition of Blake's book, by the actual methods of Blake himself, coloring and gilding fifty-one copies from the original in the British Museum. These facsimiles, bound in morocco, will be published at fifteen guineas. In addition, 100 uncolored copies at half-a-guinea are being done.

"ENGLISH DIARIES," by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, is among the spring announcements of Messrs. Methuen. The book consists of a general essay upon the characteristics of diary-writing, and short papers upon about 120 diaries from Edward VI.'s to W. N. P. Barbellion's. Mr. Ponsonby has not confined his attention to the journals of the famous, and deals with some that have not been published.

MESSRS. THORNTON BUTTERWORTH announce that the publication of Mr. Winston Churchill's "The World Crisis, 1911-1915," is delayed until immediately after Easter. The published price will be 30s.

THE S.P.C.K. proposes to bring out shortly the second volume of Dr. B. J. Kidd's "Documents illustrative of the History of the Church from 313 to 461." The Sheldon Press (which has the same headquarters) will contribute to a literature of prominent interest at the moment by the issue of "Egyptian History and Art with reference to Museum Collections," by Mrs. A. A. Quibell.

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MR. LOUIS GOLDING, novelist and poet, has written a *jeu d'esprit* called "Sea Coast of Bohemia."

THE editorship of Messrs. Christophers' "Companion Shakespeare," owing to the death of Professor Green, has passed to Mr. Kenneth Bell. Professor H. J. C. Grierson has prepared "Hamlet" for this edition, the inexpensiveness and wide appeal of which we have previously remarked.

THE Labor Publishing Company has in active progress a "Labor and Capital Series"—shilling volumes upon the main themes of practical economics; and a "Sixpenny Syllabus Series" of essays, or brief text-books, ranging from "Biology" to "Chartism and the Grand National."

WHEN, a year or more since, the Stationery Office published a report upon "The Cleaning and Restoration of Museum Exhibits," in which the inquiries of Dr. Alexander Scott were recorded, there was naturally a very widespread enthusiasm. Dr. Scott has continued his investigations, and his farther results and decisions are set out in a second pamphlet under the same title, with more of those convincing "Before-and After" photographs, which may be had of the Stationery Office post free at 2s. 1½d.

THE cheap standard library's return is exemplified in Messrs. Hutchinson's set of biographies now preparing, including lives of Napoleon, Nelson, Cleopatra, Cromwell, and many others, and to be published at a florin a volume. Mr. Melrose is experimenting with a "New Novel Library" at three-and-sixpence.

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"THE YEAR'S ART" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) has been issued for the forty-fourth time. Mr. A. C. R. Carter has discussed "The Past Year" in agreeable fashion, and supplies plentiful information on the sales of the period. In many respects it is a valuable directory. It is to be wished that provincial museums and societies would co-operate more thoroughly in the section "Art in the Counties."

"BUDDHIST CATALOGUE," lately produced by Messrs. Probsthain, 41, Great Russell Street, is the final section of that firm's finely grouped collection of Indian literature, and "includes books in all languages." Collectors and students alike will here find material. A few Buddhist paintings are described and offered in the list.

Music.

THE MOZARTIAN TRADITION.

WHEN the "English Singers" gave a concert in Berlin a year ago, the German critics imagined that their finished and individual style of interpreting English madrigals was the fruit of centuries of carefully preserved tradition. They were wrong. There has never been an unbroken tradition of madrigal singing in England. Such "tradition," as exists dates from the early years of the nineteenth century, and the style of the "English Singers" is at complete variance with it. Their style is the fruit not of tradition, but of scholarship, of historical erudition, supplied, as everyone knows, by Dr. Fellowes, and of common sense supplied by themselves. Tradition in the interpretation of old music is in most cases a dangerous thing. Tradition generally means the repudiation of reason and common sense in favor of blind obedience to imaginary authority. Even if it could be proved historically that a given tradition was worthy of belief, it would not justify obedience to

it as tradition. The past is, as Maeterlinck said long ago, what we ourselves choose to make of it. The interpretation of any old music must inevitably change from generation to generation, if it has happened to remain in continuous favor. When we think that we understand and enjoy old music, we mean that we have brought it into a certain relation with the music of our own day. The general aspect of Venice has changed little, at certain points, from what it was in the days of Canaletto, but every succeeding generation of painters has seen Venice with different eyes, and given a different interpretation of it. When we revive old music we must make it intelligible to modern ears. That does not mean altering the notes, modernizing the harmony, or arranging the score for all sorts of instruments of which the composer had never heard. The most meticulously accurate reproduction of the original is inevitably adapted in some subconscious way to the normal mental environment of the modern interpreter and his audience. The most that we can do is to make every effort to widen our own mental background and endeavor to include in it some idea of the relation in which Byrd, let us say, stood towards his own predecessors and contemporaries. A knowledge of that kind, such as Dr. Fellowes possesses, may illuminate much that to the ordinary concert-goer of to-day is obscure, and in this way enable interpreters such as the "English Singers," who have absorbed the results of his learning, to make Byrd clear at a first hearing to audiences who know nothing about either his contemporaries or him. But this process requires a great deal of solid thinking, and solid thinking is exactly what "tradition" prevents. It is only natural that many musicians should cling affectionately to tradition, for tradition confers all the pleasure of authority without the labor of acquiring knowledge by a process of reasoning.

Mr. Herman Klein lectured last Monday on the tradition of Mozart. He said many valuable things in the course of the evening, but the most valuable of all was his warning against using the editions of Mozart which have been "doctored" by certain teachers of the past who claimed to possess the tradition. Mr. Klein's own claim to possess the correct tradition of Mozart is based on his personal knowledge of Manuel Garcia and Adelina Patti. Those who, like myself, never heard Patti sing, even in her old age, are naturally inclined to be sceptical about her interpretation of Mozart. The reminiscences of our elders generally lead us to suspect that all this fuss about the great Mozartian tradition merely cloaked the fact that what our elders liked best were Mozart's most obvious tunes. No doubt they admired everything that Patti sang, just because Patti sang it; but the most obvious tunes were what they enjoyed the most. It naturally led to the notion that Mozart's operas were nothing more than a string of pretty tunes, tunes so pretty that no one but Patti could ever be allowed to sing them. But Mr. Klein, in spite of all his devotion to the art of a bygone age, betrayed himself strangely as having moved with the times. He delivered an exhaustive panegyric on Mozart, every word of which was perfectly true, except, I venture to say, for the statement that Mozart's music was considered beyond criticism even in his own lifetime; but when he came to speak of Mozart's vocal flourishes and excursions into the uppermost regions of the highest soprano, he seemed a little less at his ease, and confessed, rather reluctantly, that Ilma di Murska was the only coloratura-singer who had given him real pleasure in them. And he seemed to take it for granted that the musical world would now willingly dispense with *recitativo secco* in favor of spoken dialogue. What is even more important, he stated frankly that for English audiences Mozart's operas ought to be sung in the English language.

The tradition of Mozart's vocal music, he told us, has been broken, though the tradition of his instrumental music has never been interrupted. Not everybody will agree with Mr. Klein here. Elderly Mozart-lovers are frequently horrified beyond words at modern interpretations of Mozart's instrumental music. I cannot think that Busoni and Sir Thomas Beecham

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XII

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are conforming exactly to the traditions of Clara Schumann and Richter. But at the same time there could have been no advice sounder than Garcia's, when he told singers to model their style and phrasing on the playing of Joachim and Piatti. The advice was sound, not because Joachim and Piatti possessed sacred traditions, but because they were men of brains, men who applied to music moral and intellectual standards such as few singers have ever conceived of. Mr. Klein gave four reasons for the loss of the vocal tradition. First, Mozart's vocal music is more difficult than his instrumental music. This is a difficult matter to estimate. I venture to suggest that possibly singing is a more difficult art than playing upon any man-made instrument. Secondly, the continual rise in pitch has affected the *testitura* of Mozart's songs. This rise in pitch is, as we all know, the fault of the instrument makers; it is one of the endless evils brought upon music by the music trade. Thirdly, the technical standards of singing have been lowered. There are many explanations of this. One is that Wagner's music, though written for singers trained in the grand old Italian school (as Mr. Klein incidentally reminded us), raised such difficult intellectual problems that Wagner singers, and, indeed, all intelligent singers, have had to devote a large proportion of their studies to what I must call the literary side of singing. Mr. Klein also observed that the best teachers no longer come to London to teach, and this for economic reasons. Closely connected with this is the further reason—the decay of Italian opera: that is, of Italian opera outside Italy. Mozart wrote operas to Italian words, but not for Italian theatres, except in his boyhood. Not one of Mozart's operas has ever held the place in Italy that they hold in France and England as well as in Germany. Never to this day has he recovered from the fiasco of "Lucio Silla" at Milan in 1772. The historic performances of Mozart in Italian during the last hundred years took place in other countries than Italy. The decay of Italian opera in England is causing considerable annoyance just now among certain Italian music-makers, who think that England is still a barbaric *Hinterland* for them to colonize; native risings have unfortunately diminished their profitable activities.

As regards the technique of Mozartian singing, there is nothing peculiar about it. Mozartian singing is simply singing. The principles which are required for the interpretation of Mozart are applicable to all music. The only reason why Mozartian singing has come to be regarded as an esoteric doctrine is because the singular perfection and lucidity of Mozart's style exposes every fault at once. Literary intelligence will go a long way with Wagner in spite of unfinished technique; vocal agility will deceive many people in Rossini without intelligence of any kind. Mozart demands, as Mr. Klein magnificently said, "everything." Mr. Klein did well, too, to insist on the importance of warmth of temperament in singing Mozart. I hope this will not induce singers to imagine that warmth of temperament will make up for all other deficiencies. Accuracy and finish are the first things; the singer must not give way to temperament until he has found out all that Mozart can express without that additional stimulus.

Mr. Klein's lecture was illustrated by Miss Léonie Zifado, who, in spite of a severe cold, successfully demonstrated the most important of the lecturer's principles. She was at her best in the introductory pages of Fiordiligi's great *aria* in "Così fan tutte," to which her extended compass and vigorous style were admirably suited. Another illustration of great value was the recitative which precedes "Deh vieni," in the last act of "Figaro." Acting under Mr. Klein's directions, she sang it throughout in what was practically strict time, with the natural rhythm and natural pace that would be appropriate if the words were spoken as part of a play. After that I began to think that Mr. Klein's preliminary eloquence about tradition was mere window-dressing; the bulk of the lecture was just sound common sense.

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THE "thesis-play" needs to be uncommonly well done if it is to be worth doing at all. There is so much against it. No doubt, from the days of Plato, dialogue has been found a tempting form in which to state an argument and the objections to it with crispness and vivacity. But a theatre is a most uncomfortable place in which to be penned to listen to arguments. (The old, far-off, forgotten fauteuils of the Empire might have made the process less painful, but it is too late to think of that now.) Moreover, if we are to take in an argument intelligently, we must pull up now and again to see where we are going, but you cannot from the stalls assume the right of the producer and cry, "Once again that line, old man!" Lastly, how many writers can debate a social or ethical question for any length of time without stretches of tedium? It takes the immense intellectual vitality of a Shaw to do it—and has even he always done it?

We cannot then, we fear, be enthusiastic over "The Alternative" at the Everyman. It seemed to us, indeed, even more lax and shapeless than most thesis-plays. It is a long while starting, jerky in the middle, and unable to come to any definite ending. Nor does it expound its thesis very skilfully. Ann Fenton is married to a man with latent tendencies to homicidal mania. We are given to understand that Geoffrey Fenton loves his wife passionately, and it is difficult not to suppose that, at one time at least, she returned his passion. Now he is becoming wilder and less tolerable to live with, and Ann lets a writer named Whitehead, who loves her, realize that she would be glad if honor and the law allowed her to refashion her married life with him. Suddenly we learn that Geoffrey, in a fit of jealous frenzy, has murdered a young painter who was doing Ann's portrait. He is arrested and sent for trial.

Act II. brings us to the question: What is to be done with Geoffrey? Whitehead points out to Ann that if Geoffrey is executed she will be a merry widow, but that if a plea of insanity succeeds and he is confined "during His Majesty's pleasure," she will be the most desolate of wives. Everything will really depend on a piece of evidence of which only Ann and her lover know the secret. It is a diagnosis of Geoffrey's symptoms sent to her privately by a dead family doctor some time ago. Whitehead, oppressed by the immorality of the divorce laws, which still tie Ann to Geoffrey, strongly urges Ann to destroy the evidence. After long searchings of conscience the couple rise to a sublime pitch of self-abnegation and forgo their one and only chance of murdering Geoffrey, who is, on the strength of the medical evidence, removed to an asylum. Ann's relatives now inquire what she means to do, and are horrified to be told by her that, as the law forbids her to marry Whitehead, she means to go away as Whitehead's mistress. Society, represented by Ann's younger sister (who wants to marry the heir to a peerage), protests tearfully; the Church, represented by the rancorous and calumniating wife of a clerical friend, utters its anathema; but Ann is adamant. Then there steps forward—we sit gaping—the Pinerotic *raisonneur*, represented by the family lawyer, who shakes his wise old head and says the polite equivalent of Major Bagstock's "Damme, sir, it never does, it always fails." So Ann, after all, does not. The author skedaddles from his thesis.

Meanwhile we gratefully recognize how much the *longueurs* and vagueness of the play were relieved by some excellent acting. Miss Lucy Wilson, one of the authors, was sympathetic, if inclined to monotony, as Ann, and Miss Agatha Kentish (whom we seem to



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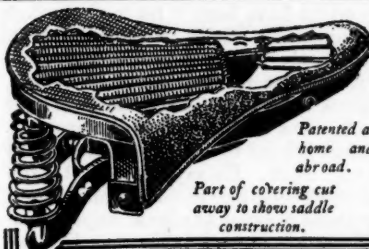
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PLAYER'S



"NAVY MIXTURE"

0325.

remember as a particularly irresistible "flapper" in some Galsworthy play) is perhaps just a trifle too charming as Cynthia, Ann's selfish little sister. Miss Kentish has a delicate gift for gay comedy. In contrast Miss Lola Duncan's playing of Mrs. Hare, the Rector's wife, seemed doubly grim. It was a finished and impressive piece of acting. Undoubtedly, however, the notable performance of the evening was Mr. Gordon Bailey's brief appearance as the mad husband. His ghastly make-up is too heavy for such a tiny theatre, but his acting grips even the attentions most apt to wander from theses. It might perhaps be too painful to be endured if he did not redeem it by a note of genuine pitifulness.

And so we pass to Mr. Milne, who does not, in "The Great Broxopp," bother about theses. He does not, in fact, bother much about probabilities either. We can believe that Broxopp, after fighting his way from poverty to commercial triumph as the boomer of "Broxopp's Beans for Babies," might still be a candid and unspoilt child, but we cannot believe that he would be an imbecile. He might have been "let in" through taking Sir Roger Tenterden's advice about his investments, but he would surely have taken the trouble to find out where Sir Roger was placing his money. So, too, with Sir Roger's daughter. She might have been a Victorian snob, or a ruthless Georgian maiden. But both together—that is hard to accept! So, too, with Mr. Broxopp's own son, Jack. He says he was at Eton and Oxford, but it doesn't look like it. Etonians always get their own way without making the least unpleasantness; Jack hasn't Etonian manners. He says that at Oxford he was weary of being "ragged" about Broxopp's beans; but if he really had gone to Oxford he wouldn't have seen as much as a bean on the luncheon tables of his friends. But what does it matter—in a Milne play? Mr. Milne is (in spirit) the last of the kindly Victorians. The others are growing acid because the new age scoffs at them. Mr. Milne scoffs back at the new age, so slyly and good-humoredly that the laugh remains on his side. The severe judges tell us that we ought not to laugh, ought not to enjoy, ought not to own ourselves touched by the sentiment. If they really feel like that, let them simply admire Mr. Edmund Gwenn's ripeness and abundance of comedy as Broxopp, or Miss Mary Jerrold's wistfulness as his wife. If that won't do, let them try to puzzle out how clouds are made by the Schwabe Hasait lighting installation—which surely, in spite of what the programme says, must be in some way responsible for the lovely sunset of Act III. It would be hopeless to ask them just to admire that sky.

D. L. M.

Science.

ASSUMPTIONS AND RELATIVITY.

THE position, at the present time, of the theory of relativity, is peculiarly interesting. The popular interest in the theory, so prominent a few months ago, seems to have declined. The great stream of popular books on relativity has dwindled to a mere trickle. Earnest, "spiritual" women in drawing-rooms no longer assure one that they are trying to carry out Einstein's glorious and uplifting theory in every detail of their daily lives. Even the "psychological expert" recently called as a witness in a celebrated law case carried out her amazing investigations, we noted, by the "electronic" theory. We feel confident that, a few months ago, they were carried out by the relativity theory. Why this diminution in the catchword potency of Einstein's name? We wish we could believe it was the result of gratified curiosity. But it seems to us rather that there is something dejected about it. The public has retired baffled. The reason is interesting. We believe that the great difficulty of Einstein's theory attaches more to the task of unlearning than of learning. The ideas of the theory itself exist

within a certain context, and this context is very different from the one in which nearly all of us habitually do our thinking on these matters. It is difficult for us to adopt the fundamental view-point of the new theory once for all. We begin by assenting to the new assumptions, but the mind finds it difficult to maintain, as it were, its assent. We slip back to the old assumptions; we are conscious of greater and greater confusion in following the argument; and, finally, we abandon the whole thing as unintelligible. A book which should make the theory generally intelligible must have a long preface. The Einstein to whom the theory of relativity occurred was a highly sophisticated mathematical physicist. He was free from many of the assumptions which entangle us—entangle us all the more subtly in that we are hardly aware of them. He knew their status; he knew they were not necessary; he knew they had alternatives. Each of us is an heir of all the ages, but in matters of geometry and physics most of us do not exercise our rights. We are ignorant of our heritage; our minds are in bondage to obsolete decrees; we are unaware of the fact that the nobles have won us a Magna Charta.

In his new book on Relativity, Dr. Norman Campbell tells us that even the average working physicist is disinclined to step outside the limits within which he has got on so well up to the present. He has got used to them, and he prefers them. According to Dr. Campbell the average physicist is still ignorant of Einstein's work, and not very much interested in it. If the lack of interest springs from absorption in something else, that is not, of course, blameworthy. Part of the price one pays for being a specialist is that one cannot indulge in the "universal mind." If, however, the lack of interest is due to an affection of hearty common sense, it is less estimable. Dr. Campbell suggests that it springs from a peculiar difficulty felt by physicists when following mathematical expositions of relativity theory. That difficulty consists in the fact that the mathematician uses the terms of the physicist, but uses them in ways to which the physicist cannot attach his meaning. Now this is perfectly true, but, provided the mathematician defines his terms and uses them in a consistent manner, he ought, at most, to seem to the physicist irrelevant. And whether he is irrelevant or not will depend on whether or not the physicist can interpret his results. He may find that the mathematician seems to be taking as a physical reality what he prefers to regard as a "graph," but he may find, when he has identified the quantities in the graph, that it throws light on the physical reality. In his brilliant "Mathematical Theory of Relativity," Professor Eddington inclines to this view as regards, for instance, Weyl's extension of the geometry used by Einstein. The more generalized geometry built up by Weyl seemed, in its first presentations, to represent to its author the actual geometry of the universe. Apparently he now believes that it is merely a convenient graphical method of representing the relations between certain physical quantities.

This manner of interpretation should help to clear up some of the difficulties of Dr. Campbell's ordinary physicist, but there is yet another element which makes for difficulty, an element brought out very clearly by Professor Eddington in his "Introduction." Is not the physicist inclined to mistake the real standing of the quantities he employs? Consider the term "distance," for example. To determine the "distance" between two points a certain procedure is used. Perhaps little rigid rods are laid end to end until they reach from one point to the other, and then their number counted. In talking about distance, the physicist will try to use the term in such a way that the operations necessary to determine it could actually be carried out. The mathematician does not bother about such considerations. He defines "distance" as something which obeys certain laws belonging to the geometry he chooses to talk about at the time. Whether a physicist, armed with measuring rods, could actually determine this "distance," need not concern him. It is this care-free spirit of the mathematician which Dr. Campbell says the physicist finds so bewildering. But is the physicist always conscious of

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H.J.M.

Croydon.

the fact that in defining distance he has defined it in terms of a series of operations? Is he not inclined to think that he has used his measuring rods to discover something which exists in Nature in its own right, something that God himself would agree was really there? Consider, for instance, the distance from the earth to some fixed star. There is certainly some relation between the earth and the star which the distance between them may be said to measure. Let there be another star, at twice the distance from the earth of the first star. Is there any necessity to say that the actual world-relation between the earth and the second star is twice the world-relation between the earth and the first star? For this world-relation can be expressed quite as well by what is called parallax, the angular shift of the star as viewed from different positions. And twice the distance corresponds to half the parallax. In terms of the parallax convention of measurement, therefore, the world-relation in question is, for the second star, half instead of double what it is for the first star. Why should an operation with measuring rods be given the priority over other series of operations? Is not the difference something like the difference in expressing the mass of the same body in grammes or ounces? Professor Eddington suggests that there is no essential difference, and that all the quantities used by the physicist are manufactured quantities. What is required is that, in any measure code which is adopted, the same world-condition is represented by the same measure-number, and that different measure-numbers, within the same code, represent different world-conditions. It appears now, for instance, that the same world-condition which is represented by mass may be represented by energy and even by length.

These are two directions in which the theory of relativity is gradually being made less obscure. Both the mathematician and the physicist are engaged in puzzling out what is the true nature of their contributions to that great effort to illuminate reality, that great and growing body of thought called the theory of relativity.

S.

Northcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 17. Royal Institution, 3.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Properties," Lecture V., Sir E. Rutherford.
Fellowship of Reconciliation (Friends' Meeting-House, 52, St. Martin's Lane), 7.—Speakers: Rev. H. Dunnic, Mr. John Scurr, Rev. Campbell Stephen, and Mr. Cecil H. Wilson.
- Sun. 18. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"The Arts and Civilization," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
Indian Students' Union (Keppel St., W.C. 1), 5.—"The Nature of International Policy in a World of Armed States," Prof. G. Lowes Dickinson.
- Mon. 19. East India Association (Caxton Hall), 3.30.—"Protection for India," Dr. Gilbert Slater.
Royal Geographical Society, 5.—"Recent Developments of Air Photo-topography," Col. M. N. MacLeod, Squadron-Leader F. C. V. Laws, and Major Griffiths.
Aristotelian Society, 8.—Discussion on Wildon Carr's "A Theory of Monads."
Birkbeck College, 8.—"Goethe," Viscount Haldane.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The Hammersmith Housing Scheme," Mr. G. E. S. Streatfield.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Accurate Length Measurement," Lecture III., Mr. J. E. Sears, Jun.
Near and Middle East Association (40, Upper Grosvenor St.), 8.30.—"Yemen and its People," Col. H. F. Jacob.
- Tues. 20. St. Paul's, Covent. Garden, 1.20.—"Prayer-Book Revision: the Liberal Standpoint," Rev. R. Webb O'Dell.
Royal Institution, 3.—"Diseases of Prehistoric Britain," Prof. A. Keith.
Society for Roman Studies (Society of Antiquaries' Rooms), 4.30.
Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Expansion of Europe Overland," Lecture V., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
University College, 5.30.—"Electric Fields in Atomic Physics," Lecture III., Prof. E. T. Whittaker.
Zoological Society, 5.30.—"The Opisthograph Snakes," Mr. S. C. Sarkar; and other Papers.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—Three Papers on Water-Supply.

- Wed. 21. Women's Engineering Society (26, George St., W.1), 6.15.—"Scientific Studies of Manual Work," Dr. R. S. Hutton.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 7.—Discussion on Electric Train Lighting.
Royal Meteorological Society, 7.30.—"The Characteristics of the Atmosphere up to 200 km.," Mr. G. M. B. Dobson.
Royal Microscopical Society, 8.—"The Standard Methods of Ultra-Microscopy," Mr. Emil Hatschek.
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Some Curious Phenomena of Vision," Dr. F. W. Edridge-Green.
- Thurs. 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"Japanese and Chinese Lacquer," Lecture II., Lieut.-Col. E. A. Strange.
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Dusuns of British North Borneo," Mr. G. Hewett; and other Papers.
Royal Institute of British Architects, 5.—"The Public and the Architect," Lord Sumner.
King's College, 5.30.—"The Russian Poets: III. Blok," Prince D. S. Mirsky.
King's College, 5.30.—"Tendencies of the Spanish Drama since 1868," Lecture II., Mr. W. Fitzwilliam Starkie.
University College, 5.30.—"Electric Fields in Atomic Physics," Lecture IV., Prof. E. T. Whittaker.
University College, 5.30.—"The Viking Crusades and their Bearing on British History," Lecture II., Dr. A. Bugge (of Christiania).
- Fri. 23. Association of Economic Biologists (Imperial College of Science), 2.30.—"The Causal Anatomy of the Potato Tuber," Prof. J. H. Priestley.
Fabian Society (Essex Hall), 8.—"The International Scene and the Class Struggle," Mr. H. N. Brailsford.
Royal Institution, 9.—"Life History of an Alpha Particle from Radium," Sir Ernest Rutherford.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

FICTION.

- Brandane (John). *The Captain More*. Cape, 7/6.
Butts (Mary). *Speed the Plough*; and other Stories. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
Carbery (Mary). *Children of the Dawn*. Heinemann, 7/6.
Chamberlain (George Agnew). *Rackhouse*. Mills & Boon, 7/6.
Conyers (Dorothea). *Rooted Out*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
*Fowler (Ellen Thorneycroft). *The Lower Pool*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Gray (Zane). *Wanderer of the Wasteland*. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6.
*Haggard (Sir H. Rider). *Wisdom's Daughter*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
*Malphen (J.), tr. *Contes Chinois*. Traduits du Chinois. Paris, Champion, 20fr.
Hutchison (Isabel Wylie). *Original Companions*. Lane, 7/6.
Kahane (Jack). *Laugh and Grow Rich*. Grant Richards, 7/6.
Le Bosquet (C. H.). *Joppert and Son*. Lane, 7/6.
Leslie (Henrietta). *Dedication*. Cape, 7/6.
*Lyons (A. Neil). *Fifty-Fifty: a Blend of Old and New*. Thornton Butterworth, 7/6.
McClung (Nellie). *The Beauty of Martha*. Hutchinson, 7/6.
Mills (Arthur). *The Primrose Path*. Duckworth, 7/6.
Mills (Lady Dorothy). *The Road*. Duckworth, 7/6.
Morton (Guy). *Rangy Pete*. Methuen, 7/6.
Negri (Ada). *Finestre Alie*. Rome, A. Mondadori, 9lire.
Nesmy (Jean). *L'Amour dans le Brouillard*. Paris, Bloud & Gay, 3, Rue Garancière, 7fr.
Orna (Adolphe). *The Reincarnations of Lupus Andronicus*. Cape, 7/6.
Salter (Olivia Mary). *Out of Bondage*. Duckworth, 7/6.
Saponaro (Michele). *L'Altra Sorella*. Rome, A. Mondadori, 9lire.
Sherran (Wilkinson). *Eelen of Bringard: a Romance of Wessex in the Days of the Romans*. Palmer, 7/6.
Sleath (Frederick). *The Red Vulture*. Hutchinson, 7/6.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- Advertiser's A.B.C.: the Standard Advertisement Directory, 1923. T. B. Browne, 163, Victoria St., E.C. 4.
Catchpole (E. St. John), ed. *Handbook of Settlements in Great Britain, 1922*. Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial St., E. 1, 1/2 post free.
*English Catalogue of Books for 1923. "Publishers' Circular." 19, Adam St., W.C. 2, 15/-.
International Federation of Trade Unions. *First Year-Book*. Amsterdam, International Federation, 61, Vondelstraat, 1.50fl.
Liberal Year-Book for 1923. Liberal Publication Dept., 42, Parliament St., S.W. 1, 1/6.
*Year's Art, 1923. Compiled by A. C. R. Carter. II. Hutchinson, 8/6.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Albert (Edward). *A Practical Course in Intermediate English*. Revised Ed. Harpaz, 2/6.
Allbutt (Sir T. Clifford). *Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers*. Macmillan, 6/-.
Beston's (Mrs.) *Household Management, 1923*. II. Ward & Lock, 12/6.
Bournville Housing. *A description of the Housing Schemes of Cadbury Bros. Ltd. and the Bournville Village Trust, 1922*. 2nd Ed. Bournville Works, Publication Dept., 8d.
Chisholm (George G.) and Birrell (J. Hamilton). *A Smaller Commercial Geography*. Longmans, 5/-.
Edleston (R. Holmes). *Napoleon III. and Italy*. Introd. by Gerald Headlam. Darlington, Bailey & Co., 15/-.
*Garnett (Edward). *Papa's War; and other Satires*. Cape, 3/6.
Gould (Nat). *Fast as the Wind—Odds On*. Long, 1/- each.
*Hambourg (Mark). *How to Play the Piano*. Enlarged Ed. II. Pearson, 3/6.
*James (Henry). *Lord Beaupré; The Visits; and other Tales.—The Last of the Valeris; Master Eustace; and other Tales*. Macmillan, 7/6 each.
Kaye-Smith (Shelia). *Starbrace*. Uniform Ed. Cassell, 3/6.

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